

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

Old Kensington.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ROSES HAVE THORNS AND SILVER FOUNTAINS MUD.



HE doors of the old Library at All Saints' were open wide to admit the sunshine: it lighted up the starched frill collars of *Fundator noster* as he hung over the entrance. It was good stiff starch, near four hundred years old. The volumes stood in their places, row upon row, line after line, twinkling into the distant corners of the room; here and there a brass lock gleamed, or some almost forgotten title in faded gold, or the links of the old Bible chained to its oaken stand. . . . So the books stood marshalled in their places: brown, and swept by time, by dust, brushed by the passing generations that had entered one by one, bringing their spoils, and placing them safe upon the

shelves, and vanishing away. What a silent Babel and medley of time, and space, and languages, and fancies, and follies! Here and there stands a fat dictionary, or prophetic grammar, the interpreter of echoes to other echoes. So, from century to century, the tradition is handed down, and from silent print and signs it thrills into life and sound. . . .

Those are not books, but living voices in the recess of the old library. There is a young man stumping up and down the narrow passage, a young woman leaning against a worm-eaten desk. Are they talking of roots, of curves? or are they youthful metaphysicians speculating upon the unknown powers of the soul?

"Oh! George," Dolly says, "I am glad you think I was right."

"Right! Of course you would have been very wrong to do otherwise," says George, as usual, extremely indignant. "Of course you are right to refuse him: you don't care for him; I can see that at a glance. . . . It is out of the question. Poor fellow! He is a very good fellow, but not at all worthy of you. It is altogether preposterous. No, Dolly," said the young fellow, melting; "you don't know—how should you?—what it is—what the real thing is. Never let yourself be deceived by any Brummagem and paste, when the real Koh-i-noor is still to be found—a gem of the purest water," said George, gently.

Dolly listened, but she was only half convinced by George's earnestness. "I would give anything that this had not happened," the young man went on. Dolly listened, and said but little in answer. When George scolded her for having unduly encouraged Robert, she meekly denied the accusation, though her brother would not accept her denial.

"Had she then behaved so badly? Was Robert unhappy? Would he never forgive her? Should she never see him again?" Dolly listened sadly, wondering, and leaning against the old desk. There was a book lying open upon it—the History of the Universe—with many pictures of strange beasts and serpents, roaring, writhing, and whisking their tails, with the Garden of Eden mapped out, and the different sorts of angels and devils duly enumerated. Dolly's mind was not on the old book, but in the world outside it; she was standing again by the river and listening to Robert's voice. The story he told her no longer seemed new and strange. It was ended for ever, and yet it would never finish as long as she lived. She had thought no one would ever care for her, and he had loved her, and she had sent him away; but he had loved her. Had she made a mistake, notwithstanding all that George was saying? Dolly, loving the truth, loving the right, trying for it heartily, in her slow circuitous way, might make mistakes in life, but they would be honest ones, and that is as much as any of us can hope for, and so, if she strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel, it will be forgiven her. George's opposition was too vague to influence her. When he warned her against Henley, it sounded unreasonable. Warning! There was no need of warning. She had said no to her cousin. Already the terrace seemed distant miles and miles off, hours and hours ago, though she could see it through the window, and the swans on the river, and the sunlight striking flame upon the water: she could hardly realize that she had been there, and that with a word and a hasty movement she had sent Robert away of her own deliberate will.

"Yes," said George, coming up and banging his hand down upon

the big book before her; "you were right, Dolly. He isn't half good enough for you. This is not like the feeling that I and Rhoda——"

But Dolly interrupted him almost angrily. "Not good enough! It is because he is too good, George, that I—I am not—not worthy of him."

It was more than she could bear to hear George speaking so.

Was Robert unhappy? had she used him ill? The thoughts seemed to smite her as they passed. She began to cry again—foolish girl!—and George, as he watched her worthless tears dribbling down upon the valuable manuscript, began to think that perhaps, after all, his sister had wished him to blame, instead of approving of her decision. He was bound to sympathize, since she had kept his secret. "Don't, Dolly," he said; "you will spoil the little devils if you cry over the book." He spoke so kindly, that Dolly smiled, and began to wipe her eyes. It was not a little thing that George should speak so kindly to her again. When she looked up she saw that he was signalling, and bowing, and waving his cap through the open window.

"It is the girls. They ought not to miss our college library," he said, gravely; and then he walked towards the door, to meet a sound of voices and a trampling of feet.

As for Dorothea, with a sudden shy impulse she escaped, tears, handkerchief, and all, and disappeared into the most distant niche of the gallery: many footsteps came sounding up the wooden staircase, and Henley's voice was mingling with the Miss Morgans' shrill treble.

"How funny to see so many books!" said Zoe, who was a very stupid girl. (Clever people generally make the same remarks as stupid ones, only they are in different words.)

"What a delicious old place!" cried Rhoda, coming in. She was usually silent, and not given to ecstasies.

"Why didn't John bring us here before?" said Cassie. "I do envy you, Mr. George. How nice to be able to read all these books!"

"I am not so sure of that," said George, laughing.

Meanwhile, Zoe had stumped up to the desk, where the history of the whole world was lying open.

"Why, look here," she said; "somebody has been reading, I do believe. How funny!"

As for Henley, he had already begun to examine the pictures that hung over every niche. He did not miss one of them as he walked quickly down the gallery. In the last niche of all he found the picture he was in search of. It was not that of a dignitary of the church. It was a sweet face, with brown crisp locks, and clear grey eyes shining from beneath a frown. The face changed, as pictures don't change, when he stood in the arch of the little recess. The pale cheeks glowed, the frown trembled and cleared away. She wondered if he would speak to her or go away. Henley hesitated for an instant, and—spoke.

"Dolly, that was not an answer you gave me just now. You did not think that would content me, did you?" he said; and as he looked at her

fixedly, her eyes fell. "Dolly, you do love me a little?" he cried; "you cannot send me away?"

"I thought I ought to send you away," she faltered, looking up at last, and her whole heart was in her face. "Robert, I don't know if I love you; but I love you to love me," she said. And her sweet voice trembled as she spoke.

He had no misgivings. "Dearest Dolly," he said, in a low voice. "in future you must trust to me. I will take care of you. You need not have been afraid. I quite understood your feelings just now, and I would not urge you then. Now . . ." He did not finish the sentence.

When Dolly, the frigid maiden, surrendered, it was with a shy reluctant grace. Hers was not a passionate nature, but a loving one; feeling with her was not a single simple emotion, but a complicated one of many impulses: of self-diffidences, of deep, deep, strange aspirations, that she herself could scarcely understand. Humility, a woman's pride, the delight of companionship and sympathy, and of the guidance of a stronger will: a longing for better things. All these things were there. Ah! she would try to be worthier of him. It was a snow and ice and fire maiden who put her trembling hand into Robert's, and whom he clasped for an instant in his arms.

Meanwhile some of the party had straggled off again to the hotel after Mrs. Palmer. George was to escort the young ladies, who seemed determined to stay on turning over the manuscripts; the unlucky Zoe was babbling innocently, knocking over stools and playfully pulling Latin sermons and dictionaries out of their places on the shelves. George, while he made himself agreeable in his peculiar fashion, was wondering what was going on at the farther end of the library. He longed to tell Rhoda and ask her advice; but that tiresome Zoe was for ever interrupting. Was this a very old book? Did he like Greek or Latin best? She thought it all looked very stupid. Was Rhoda coming to the hotel to rest before dinner? And so on. Rhoda must have guessed what was in George's mind, for presently she started away from the page over which she was leaning, and went to the window.

"Shall we go out a little way?" she said, gently. "One would like to be everywhere to-day."

"I'm sure we have been everywhere," said Zoe.

"I know you are tired. I shall not allow you to come, dear Zoe," said Rhoda, affectionately. "You must rest; I insist upon it. You look quite worn out. Mr. George, will you help me?" and Rhoda began struggling with a heavy chair, which she pulled into the window. "And here is a stool," said Rhoda, "for your feet. We will come back for you directly. My head aches; I want a little fresh air."

"Oh, thank you," said Zoe, doubtfully. "Do I look tired, Rhoda? I am sure . . ." But Rhoda was gone before she had time to say more. Zoe was not sure if she was pleased or not. It was just like Rhoda: she never could understand what people wanted, really; she was always

kissing them and getting them chairs out of the way. No doubt she meant to be kind. Rest! anybody could rest for themselves. What was that noise? "Who is there?" says Zoe, out loud, but there was no answer. Yes, she wanted to be with the others. Why did they poke her away up here? By leaning out of the open window she could just see the ivy wall and the garden beyond. There was no one left under the tree. They were all gone: just like them. How was she to find her way to the hotel! It was all very well for Rhoda, who had George Vanborough at her beck and call; they knew well enough *she* had nobody to take care of her, and they should have waited for her. That was what Zoe thought. There was that noise again, and a murmur, and some one stirring. Poor Zoe jumped up with her heart in her mouth; she knocked over the stool; she stood prepared to fly; she heard some one whispering; they might be garotters, ghosts, proctors—horror! Her terrors overpower her. Her high heels clatter down the wooden stairs, out into the sunny, silent court, where her footsteps echo as she runs—poor nymph flying from an echo! George and Rhoda are walking quietly up and down in the sunshine just beyond the ivy gate: their two shadows are flitting as they go. John Morgan is coming in at the great entrance. Zoe rushes up to him, panting with her terror.

"Oh, John," she says, "I didn't know where to go. Why don't you stop with me? I was all alone, and . . ."

"Why, Zoe, tired already! Come along quick to the hotel," says John, "or you won't get any rest before dinner."

They caught up the Morgans on their way, and met Raban, coming out of Trinity. Meanwhile Robert and Dorothea are leisurely following along the street. Henley had regained his composure by this time, and could meet the others with perfect equanimity. Not so his cousin. So many lights were coming and going in her face, so many looks and apparitions, that Robert thought every one must guess what had happened, as they came into the common sitting-room, where some five o'clock tea was spread. But there is nothing more true than that people don't see the great facts that are starting before their very eyes, so busy are they with the details of life. Mrs. Palmer was trying to disentangle the silk strings of her bag as they came in (she had a fancy for carrying a bag), and she did not observe her daughter's emotion.

Then came a clatter of five-o'clock teacups at the hotel; of young men coming and going, or waiting to escort them according to the kindly college fashion. Dolly was not sorry that she could find no opportunity to speak to her mother. Mrs. Palmer's feelings were not to be trifled with; and Dolly, in her agitation, scarcely felt strong enough to bear a scene. Robert stayed for a few minutes, rang the bell for hot water, helped to move a horsehair sofa, to open the window.

What foolish little memories Dolly treasured up in after-life of tea-making and tea-talking. Poor child, her memories were not so very many, but nothing is small and nothing is great at times.

Frank Raban stood a little apart talking to Rhoda, whose wonderful liquid eyes were steadily fixed upon him. George, on the sofa by his mother, was alternately biting his lips, frowning at Dolly over her tea and love-making, and at Rhoda and her companion.

"Darling George, cannot you keep your feet still?" said Mrs. Palmer. "Are you going, Mr. Raban? Shall we not see you again?"

"I shall have the honour of meeting you at dinner," said Raban, stiffly. "I would come and show you the way, but Mr. Henley has promised to see you safe."

Every one seemed coming into the room at once, drinking tea, going away. There seemed two or three Georges: there were certainly two Dorotheas present. Henley only was composed enough for them all, and twice prevented his cousin from pouring all the sugar into the milk-jug.

In the middle of the table there was a plateful of flowers, arranged by the waiter. Robert took out a little sprig of verbena, which he gave to Dorothea. She stuck it in her girdle, and put it away, when she got home, between the leaves of her prayer-book, where it still lies, in memory of the past, a dried-up twig that was once green and sweet. Rhoda, after Raban had left her, came up with her teacup, and, for want of something to do, began pulling the remaining flowers out of the dish.

"I can't bear to see flowers so badly used," said Rhoda, piling up the sand with her quick, clever fingers. "George, will you give me some water?"

In a few minutes the ugly flat dishful began to bloom quite freshly.

"That is very nicely done," George said, sarcastically. "Why didn't you get Raban to help you to arrange the flowers, Rhoda, before he left?"

"We were talking, and I didn't like to interrupt him," said Rhoda. "I was asking him all about political economy."

George's ugly face flushed.

"Are you satisfied that the supply of admiration equals the demand?" said George.

"George, how can you talk so?" says Rhoda.

An hour later they were all straggling down the narrow cross-streets that led to the college again.

Dolly came, walking shyly by her lover's side; Mrs. Palmer leant heavily upon John Morgan's arm. Every moment she dropped her long dress, and had to wait to gather the folds together. Surely the twilight of that summer's day was the sweetest twilight that Dolly had ever set eyes upon. It came creeping from the fields beyond the river; from alley to alley, from one college to another. It seemed to the excited girl like a soft tranquillizing veil let down upon the agitations and excitements of the day. She watched it growing in the old hall, where she presently sat at the cross-table under the very glance of the ubiquitous *Fundator*, who was again present in his frill and short cloak, between the two deep-cut windows.

The long table crossed the hall, with a stately decoration of gold and silver cups all down the centre; there were oaken beams overhead; old

college servants in attendance. The great silver tankards went round brimming with claret and hock, and with straggling stems of burrage floating on fragrant seas.

By what unlucky chance did it happen that some one had written out the names of the guests, each in their place, and that Dolly found a strange young don on one side of her plate, and Raban on the other? Henley did not wish to excite remark, and subsided into the place appointed for him, when he found that he was not to sit where he chose.

"Drink, Dolly," said George, who was sitting opposite to her; "let us drink a toast."

"What shall I drink?" asked Dolly.

"Shall we drink a toast to fortune?" said George, leaning forward.

"I shall drink to the new President of the College of Boggleywollah," says John Morgan, heartily.

Dolly raised her eyes shyly as she put her lips to the enormous tankard and sipped a health.

As for Raban, he did not drink the toast, although he must have guessed something of what had happened. He never spoke to Dolly, though he duly attended to her wants, and handed bread, and salt, and silver flagons, and fruit, and gold spoons: still he never spoke. She was conscious that he was watching her. In some strange way the dislike and mistrust he felt for Henley seemed reflected upon poor Dorothea again. Why had she been flirting and talking to that man? She, of all women, Robert Henley, of all men, thought Raban, as he handed her a pear. Mrs. Palmer looked at Dorothea more than once during dinner. The girl had two burning cheeks; she did not eat; she scarcely answered the young don when she was spoken to by him; but once Henley leant forward and said something, then she looked up quickly. Stoicism is after all but a relic of barbarous times, and may be greatly over-rated.

Dolly had not yet grown so used to her thick-coming experience that she could always look cold when she was moved, dull when she was troubled, indifferent when her whole heart was in a moment's decision. Later it all came easier to her, as it does to most of us. As the ladies left the dining-room Henley got up to let them out, and made a little sign to Dolly to wait behind. Being in a yielding mood she lingered a minute in the anteroom, looking for her cloak, and allowed the others to pass on. Henley had closed the door behind him and come out, and seemed to be searching too. It was very dark in the anteroom, of which the twilight windows were small and screened by green plants. While her aunt was being draped in bournouses by Rhoda, and Mrs. Morgan's broad back was turned upon them, Dorothea waited for an instant, and said, "What is it, Robert?" looking up with her doubtful, yet kindly glance.

"Dear Dorothea, I wanted to make sure it was all true," said Robert, with one of the few touches of romance which he had experienced in all his well-considered existence. "I began to think it was a dream, and I thought I should like to ask you."

"Whether it is all a dream?" said Dolly, almost sadly. "It is not I who can answer that question; but you see," she added, smiling, "that I have begun to do as you tell me. They will think I am lost." And she sprang away, with a little wave of the hand.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

### GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, dearest Dolly," whispered Henley, as they all stood waiting for their train in the crowded station. "You can tell my mother as you go home."

"Here, Dolly! jump in," cried John Morgan, standing by an open railway-door; "your aunt is calling you."

"I can't come up till Tuesday," Henley went on in a low voice, "but I shall write to your mother to-night."

He helped her into the dark carriage: everybody seemed to lean forward at once and say good-night; there was a whistle, a guard banged the door, Mrs. Palmer stretched her long neck through the window, but the train carried her off before she could speak her last words.

Dolly just saw Henley turning away, and George under a lamp-post; then they were gone out of the station into the open country, wide and dim it flowed on either side into the dusk. The day had come to an end—the most wonderful day in Dolly's life. Was it a real day; was it a day out of somebody else's existence? As Dolly sat down beside her aunt she had felt as if her heart would break with wonder and happiness; it was not big enough to hold the love that was her portion. He loved her! She had floated into some new world where she had never been before; where people had been living all their lives, thought Dolly, and she had never even guessed at it.

Had her mother felt like this? Had Frank Raban's poor young wife felt this when he married her? So she wondered, looking up at the clear evening sky. Might not death itself be this, only greater still and complete—too complete for human beings. Dolly had got her mother's hand tight in hers. "My dear child, take care, take care!" cried Mrs. Palmer, sharply; "my poor fingers are so tender, Mr. Morgan; and Dolly's is such a grip. I remember once when the Admiral, with his great driving gloves" . . . Her voice sank away, and Dolly's mamma began telling John Morgan all about one episode in her life.

Meanwhile, Dolly went on with her speculations. How surprised Aunt Sarah would be; how surprised she was herself. Dolly had had a dream, like most young maidens, formless, voiceless, indefinitely vague, but with a meaning to it all the same, and a *soul*; and here was Robert, and the soul was his, and he loved her! "Thanks, half-way up," murmured Mrs. Palmer to a strange passenger who did not belong to the party.

"Tired, Zoe?" said John to his sister: "a little bit sleepy, eh!"

"Everybody thinks I'm always tired," said Zoe, in an aggrieved tone: "Rhoda made me rest ever so long when I didn't want to; she popped me down on a stool in that stupid old library, and said I looked quite worn out, and then she was off in a minute, and I had to wait, oh! ever so long, and I was frightened by noises."

"Poor Zoe!" said John, laughing.

"It was too bad of her; and then they all kept leaving me behind," continued Zoe, growing more and more miserable, "and now you say it has been too much for me: I am sure I wouldn't have missed coming for anything."

"Next time we go anywhere, you keep with me, Zoe," said John good-humouredly, "and you sha'n't be left behind."

"I think we are all tired," said Mrs. Palmer, languidly, "and we shall be thankful to get home. Dolly, my darling, you don't speak; are you quite worn out too?"

Dolly looked out from her dreams with a glance of so much life and sweetness in her bright face—even the dim lamp-light could not hide her happy looks—that her mother was struck by it. "You strange child," she said, "what are you made of? You look brighter than when we started."

"Dolly is made of a capital stuff called youth and good spirits," said John Raban, kindly.

The rest of the journey was passed in shifting the windows to Mrs. Palmer's various sensations. They all parted hurriedly, as people do after a long day's pleasuring, only Dolly found time to give Rhoda a kiss. She felt more kindly towards her than she had done for many a day past. Rhoda looked curiously, and a little maliciously, into Dolly's face. But she could not read anything more than she guessed already.

Mrs. Palmer was greatly disturbed to find herself driving home alone with Dolly in the hansom.

"I am afraid of cabmen. I am not accustomed to them. John Morgan should have come with me," Mrs. Palmer said. "I am sure the Admiral would not approve of this! Ah! he will be over. Dolly, darling, ask the man if he is sober. Dear me, I wish Robert was here."

Dolly, too, was wishing that Robert was there instead of herself. Her heart began to beat as she thought of what she had to say. She looked up at Mrs. Palmer's pale face in the bright moonlight through which they were driving homewards; through streets silver and silent and transformed. They come to the river and cross the bridge; the water is flowing, hushed and mysterious: the bridge throws a great shadow upon the water; one barge is slowly passing underneath the arch. The dim, distant crowd of spires, of chimneys, and slated roofs, are illumined and multiplied by strange silver lights. Overhead a planet is burning and sinking where the sun set while they were still in the college garden. The soft moon-wind comes sweeping fresh into their faces, and Dolly, from

this trance awakens to whisper, "Mamma! I have something to tell you—something that Robert——"

"He will throw us over! I know he will!" interrupts Mrs. Palmer, as the cab gave a jolt. "It is quite unsafe, Dolly, without a gentleman."

Poor Dolly forced herself to go on. She took her mother's hand: "Dear mamma, don't be afraid."

"He was not sober. I thought so at the time," cried Mrs. Palmer, with a nervous shriek, as they came off the bridge.

Then the cab went more quietly, and Dolly found words to tell her news. So the hansom drove on, carrying many agitations and exclamations along with it. The driver from his moonlit perch may have heard the sounds within. Mrs. Palmer spared herself and Dolly no single emotion. She was faint, she was hysterical, she rallied, she was overcome. Why had she not been told before? she had known it all along; she had mentioned it to the Admiral before her departure; he had sneered at her foolish dreams. Dolly would never have to learn the bitter deception of some wasted lives. Cruel boy! why had he not told her? why so reserved?

"He feared that it would agitate you," Dolly said, feeling that Robert had been right. "He told me to tell you now, dear."

"Dear fellow, he is so thoughtful," said Mrs. Palmer. "Now he will be my son, Dolly, my real son. I never could have endured any one of those Henley girls for him. How angry Lady Henley will be. I warned Robert long ago that she would want him for one of them. Dolly, you must not be married yet. You must wait till the Admiral returns. He must give you away."

When Dolly told her that Robert wanted to be married before he left for India, Mrs. Palmer said it was preposterous. He might have to sail any day,—that Master told her so; the fat old gentleman in the white neckcloth. "No, my Dolly, we shall have you till Robert comes back. Let the man keep the shilling for his own use."

They had reached the turnpike by this time, with its friendly beacon-fire burning, and the red-faced man had come out with three pennies ready in his hand. Then by dark trees, rustling behind the walls of the old gardens; past the palace avenue-gates, where the sentry was pacing, with the stars shining over his head; they came to the ivy-gate at home, and with its lamp burning red in the moonlight. Marker opened the door before they had time to ring.

"Softly, my dear," said Marker to Dolly, in a sort of whisper. "My lady is asleep; she has not been well, and——"

"Not well!" said Mrs. Palmer. "How fortunate she did not come. What should we have done with her? I am quite worn out, Marker; we have had a long day. Let Julie make me a cup of coffee, and bring it up to my room. Good-night, my precious Dolly. Don't speak to me, or I shall scream."

"Marker, is Aunt Sarah ill?" said Dolly, anxious, she knew not why.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," said Marker; "it is nothing; that is, the Doctor says she only wants rest."

Dolly went up to her own room, flitting carefully along the passage, and shading her light. Lady Sarah's door was closed. Mrs. Palmer was safe for the night, with Julie in attendance. Dolly could hear their voices, as she went by. In her own little room all was in order, and cool and straight for her coming. The window was open, the moonlight fell upon her little bed, where she had dreamt so many peaceful dreams, and Dolly set her light upon the window-seat, and stood looking out. She was half radiant still, half saddened. All the sights and sounds of that long, eventful day were passing before her still: ringing, dazzling, repeating themselves on the darkness. . . . Was it possible that he loved her—that she loved him? The trees rustled, the familiar strokes of the church clock came striking twelve, swinging through darkness into silence. "Do I love him? I think so," said Dolly to herself. "I hope so." And with an honest heart, she told herself that all should be well. Then she wondered if she should sleep that night; she seemed to be living over every single bit of her life at once. She longed to tell Aunt Sarah her wonderful story. A daddylonglegs sailed in at the open window, and Dolly moved the light to save its straggling legs; a little wind came blowing in, and then Dolly thought she heard a sound as of a door below opening softly. Was her aunt awake and stirring? She caught up the light and crept down to see. She could hear Julie and Mrs. Palmer still discoursing.

There is something sacred about a sick-room at times. It seems like holy ground to people coming in suddenly out of the turmoil and emotion of life. Dolly's excitement was hushed as she entered and saw Lady Sarah lying quietly stretched out asleep upon a sofa. It had been wheeled to the window, which was wide open. The curtain was flapping, all the medicine bottles stood in rows on the table and along the shelves. There lay Sarah, with her grey hair smoothed over her brown face, very still and sleeping peacefully—as peacefully as if she was young still, and loved, and happy, with life before her: though, for the matter of that, people whose life is nearly over have more right to sleep at peace than those who have got to encounter they know not what trials and troubles—struggles with others, and, most deadly of all, with that terrible shadow of self that rises with fresh might, striking with so sure an aim. What does the mystery mean? Who is the familiar enemy that our spirit is set to overcome and to struggle with all the night until the dawn? There lay poor Sarah's life-adversary, then, nearly worn, nearly overcome, sleeping and resting while the spirit was travelling I know not to what peaceful regions.

Dolly crept in and closed the door. Lady Sarah never stirred. A long time seemed to pass. The wind rose again, the curtain flapped, and the light flickered, and time seemed creeping slowly and more slowly to the tune of the sleeping woman's languid breath. It was a strange ending to the long, glittering day, but at last a flush came into Sarah Francis's

cheeks, and she opened her eyes. . . . A strange new something was in that placid face—a look. What is it, that first look of change and blurr in features that have melted so tranquilly before us from youth to middle-age, or from middle-age to age, modulating imperceptibly? The light of Dolly's own heart was too dazzling for her to be in a very observant mood just then.

"Is that my Dolly?" said the sick woman.

Dolly sprang forward. "Oh! I am so glad you are awake," said the girl. "Dear Aunt Sarah, has your sleep done you good? Are you better? Can you listen to something? Can you guess?" And she knelt down so as to bring her face on a level with the other; but she couldn't see it very plainly for a dazzle between them. "Robert says he loves me; and, indeed, if he loves me I must love him," Dolly whispered; and her face fell hidden against the pillow, and the mist turned to haze. Some bird in the garden outside began to whistle in its sleep. A belated clock struck something a long way off, and then all was silence and darkness again.

Lady Sarah held Dolly close to her, as the girl knelt beside her. "Do you care for him? Is it possible?" said Lady Sarah, bewildered.

Dolly was hurt by her doubt. "Indeed I do," she answered, beginning to cry once more, from fatigue and excitement.

One of the two women in that midnight room was young, with the new kindling genius of love in her heart, and she was weeping; the other was old, with the first knell of death ringing in her ear; but when Dolly looked up at last she saw that her aunt was smiling very tenderly. Lady Sarah smiled, but she could not trust herself to speak. She had awakened startled, but in a minute she had realized it all. She had felt all along that this must be. She had not wished for it, but it was come. It was not only of Dolly and of Robert that Lady Sarah thought that night; other ghosts came into the room and stood before her. And then came every day, very real, into this dream-world—Marker with a bed-chamber candlestick, walking straight into conflicting emotions, and indignant with Miss Dolly for disturbing her mistress. She had been shutting up and seeing to Mrs. Palmer's coffee. She was scarcely mollified by the great news. Lady Sarah was awake; Dolly had awakened her.

"Let people marry who they like," said Marker; "but don't let them come chattering and disturbing at this time o' night, when they should a' known better."

---

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### GOOD-MORNING.

DOLLY passed through the sleeping house, crept by the doors, slid down the creaking stairs, into the hall. The shutters were unopened as yet, the dawning day was bolted out, and the place was dark and scattered over with the shreds of the day before. The newspaper lying on the

hall table, the pieces of string upon the ground, a crumpled letter, and the long brown-paper coffin in which the silk for her new gown had come home the night before. Each day scatters its dust as it hurries by, and leaves its broken ends and scraps for the coming hours to collect and sort away, dust of mind, and dust of matter. The great kaleidoscope of the world turns round once in its twenty-four hours; the patterns and combinations shift and change and disperse into new combinations. Perhaps some of us may think that, with each turn, the fragments are shaken up and mixed and broken away more and more, until only an undistinguishable uniform dazzle remains in place of the beautiful blue and red and golden stars and wheels that delighted our youth.

Dorothea gave a cautious pull to the bolt of the outer door and opened it, letting a sudden sweet chill rush of light and fresh air into the closed house, where they had all been asleep through the night. What a morning! All her sudden fears seem lightened, and she jumped across the step on to the gravel walk, and looked up and round and about. Dark green, gold, glistening bricks, slanting lights, and sweet tremulous shadows; the many crowding house-roofs and tree-tops aflame in the seven-o'clock sunshine, the birds flapping and fluttering, the mellow old church clock striking seven: the strokes come in solemn procession across the High Street and the old brick-walled garden, and pass on I don't know to what distant blue realms in the vault overhead.

She stopped to look at a couple of snails creeping up among the nails in the wall. I think she then practised a little mazourka along the straight garden walk. She then took off her hat and stopped to pin back some of the russet of which I have spoken, then she looked up again and drew a great breath; and then, passing the green beech and the two cut yew-trees, she came to the placid pond in its stone basin at the end of the garden. There it lay in its darkness and light. There were the gold-fish wide-awake, darting and gaping as they rose to the surface; and the water reflected the sky and the laurel-bushes, and the chipped stone edge of the basin. When Dorothea came and looked over the brink she saw her own smiling, disjointed face looking up at her. It was not so bright a face as her own, somehow. It looked up grey and sad from out of this trembling, mystical looking-glass. What was it? A cloud passing overhead, a little, soft, fleecy, white cloud bobbing along, and then some birds flying by, and then a rustle among the leaves. It was only a moment, during which it had seemed to her as if the throb of nature beat a little more slowly, and as if its rhythm had halted for an instant; and in that moment the trouble of the night before, the doubt of herself, came back to her. Sometimes Dorothea had wondered, as others have done before her, if there is such a thing as real happiness in nature. Do clouds love to sail quickly on the wind? Are pools glad to lie placid, refracting the sunshine? When the trees rustle, is it just a chatter and a quiver, or the thrill of life answering life? The thought of a living nature without consciousness had always seemed to her inexpressibly sad. She had

sometimes thought how sad a human life might be that was just a human life, living and working and playing, and coming to an end one day, and falling to the ground. It was, in truth, not very unlike the life she might have led herself, and now—now she was alone no longer. There was a meaning to life now, for Henley loved her. She thought this, and then, seeing a spider's web suddenly gleam with a long lightning flash, she turned with another glad spring of youth to the light.

On the table, lay a letter sealed and stamped and addressed—"Miss Vanborough, Church House, Kensington." It was for her. There was no mistaking it. Her first love-letter. There it lay in black and in white, signed and dated and marked with a crest. Robert must have written it the night before, after they had left.

A few minutes ago, in the fresh morning air, it had all seemed like a dream of the night; here were tangible signs and wonders to recall her to her allegiance.

Dolly took it up shyly, this first love-letter, come safe into her hands from the hands which had despatched it. She was still standing reading it in the window when Lady Sarah, who had made an effort, came in, leaning on Marker's arm. The girl was absorbed; her pretty brown curly head was bent in the ivy-light, that dazzled through the leaves; she heard nothing except the new voice speaking to her; she saw no one except that invisible presence which was so vividly before her. This was the letter:—

"MY DEAREST DORA,—

"I WRITE you one line, which will, I hope, reach you in the morning. You are gone, and already I wish you back again. Your sweetness, your trust in me, have quite overpowered me. I long to prove to you that I am all you believed me, and worthy of your choice. Do not fear to trust your happiness to me. I have carefully studied your character. I know you even better than you know yourself; and when you hesitated I could appreciate your motives. I feel convinced that we have acted for the best. I would say more, but I must write to your mother and to Lady Sarah by to-night's post. Write to me fully and without reserve.

"Ever yours, dearest Dora,

"R. V. H."

Inside Dolly's letter was a second letter, addressed to the Lady Sarah Francis, sealed and addressed in the same legible hand. This was not a love-letter; nobody could reasonably be expected to send two by the same post:—

"MY DEAR LADY SARAH,—

"DORA will have informed you of what has occurred; and I feel that I must not delay expressing to you how sincerely I trust that you will not disapprove of the step we have taken. Although my appointment is not a very lucrative one, the salary is increasing; and I shall make a point of insuring my life before leaving England, for our dear girl's benefit.

I do not know whether Dorothea is herself entitled to any of her father's fortune, or whether it has been settled upon George; perhaps you would kindly inform me upon this point, as I am most anxious not to overstep the line of prudence, and my future arrangements must greatly depend upon my means. You will have heard of my appointment to the presidency of the College of Boggleywollah. India is a long way off, but time soon passes to those who are able to make good use of it; and I trust that in the happiness of one so justly dear to you, you will find consolation for her absence.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Sarah, very truly yours,

"R. HENLEY."

"P.S.—My widow would be entitled to a pension by the provisions of the Fund."

This was what Dolly, with so much agitation, put into her aunt's hand, watching her face anxiously as she read it.

"May I read it?" said Dolly.

"It is only business," said Lady Sarah, crumpling it up, and Dolly turned away disappointed, and began to pour out the tea.

It was a very agitated breakfast, happy and shy and rather silent, though so much had to be said. Mrs. Palmer came drifting in, to their surprise, before breakfast was over, in a beautiful white wrapper with satin bows. She also had received a letter. She embraced Dolly and Lady Sarah.

"Well, what do you say to our news, Sarah? I have heard from our dear Robert," said she. "You may read his letter—both of you. Sarah, I am sorry to hear you have been ailing. If it would not be giving too much trouble—I have been so upset by all this agitation—I should prefer coffee this morning. I was quite frightened about myself last night, Dolly, after I left you . . . Dear me, what memories come back to one. Do you remember our marriage, Sarah, and . . .?"

"Pray ring again, Dolly," said Lady Sarah, abruptly, and she went to the door and called Marker, shrilly and impatient.

"There is no one but me," says Mrs. Palmer, pulling out her frills with a deep sigh, "who cares for those old stories. The Admiral cannot endure them."

Dolly's cup of happiness, so full before, seemed overflowing now, it spread and spread. Happiness, like sorrow, overflows into other cups besides our own. John Morgan looked in opportunely to hear the news and to ask how they all were: his hearty congratulations came with a grateful sense of relief. Dolly longed for sympathy in her happiness. She was glad to be a little stunned by the cheerful view he took of what must be so sad as well as so sweet. The news spread rapidly.

Old Sam came up with a shining face and set down the copper coal-scuttle, the better to express his good wishes. Eliza Twells tumbled down the kitchen-stairs with a great clatter from sheer excitement, and when

Marker, relenting, came up in her big flowing apron for orders, her round face was rippling with smiles.

"God bless you kindly, Miss Dolly, my dear," said the good old woman, giving her a kiss on each cheek. "I never took up with a husband myself, but I don't blame ye. It is well to have some one to speak our mind to. And did he give you a ring, my dear?"

Dolly laughed and held up her two hands. "No ring, Marker. I don't like rings. I wish one could be married without one."

"Don't say that, dearie," said Marker, gravely.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### LOVE LANE FROM KENSINGTON TO FULHAM.

ROBERT came up to town on the Tuesday, as he had promised Dolly. As he came along, he told himself that he had deserved some reward for his patience in waiting. He had resisted many a sentimental impulse, not wishing to distract his mind until the summer term was over. He might almost have trusted himself to propose at Easter, and to go on calmly with his papers, for he was not like George, whose wandering attention seemed distracted by every passing emotion. Robert's stiff black face melted a little as he indulged in a lover-like dream. He saw Dolly as she would be one day, ruling his household, welcoming his guests, admired by them all. Henley had too good taste to like a stupid woman. Nothing would ever have induced him to think of a plain one. He wished for a certain amount of good-breeding and habit of the world. . . . All these qualifications he had discovered in his cousin, not to speak of other prospects depending on her aunt's good pleasure.

Old Sam opened the door, grinning his congratulations. Robert found Dolly sitting with her mother on the terrace. Philippa jumped up to meet him, and embraced him too with effusion.

"We were expecting you," she said. "I have *much* to say to you; come with me." And clasping her hands upon his arm, she would have immediately drawn him away into the house, if Robert had not said with some slight embarrassment, "Presently, my dear aunt, I shall be quite at your service; but I have not yet spoken to Dolly." Dolly did not move, but waited for Robert to come to her, then she looked up suddenly.

Dolly's manner was charming in those days—a little reserved, but confident and sympathetic, a little abrupt at times, but bright and melancholy at once. Later in life some of its shadows seemed to drown the light in her honest face; her mistakes made her more shy, and more reserved; she caught something of Henley's coldness of manner, and was altered, so her friends thought.

I don't, for my own part, believe that people change. But it is not the less true that they have many things in them, many emotions and passing moods, and as days and feelings follow, each soul's experience is

written down here and there, and in other souls, and by signs, and by work done, and by work undone, and by what is forgotten, as well as that which is remembered, by the influence of to-day, and of the past that is not over. Perhaps, one day, we may know ourselves at last, and read our story plainly written in our own and other people's lives.

Dolly, in those days, was young and confident and undismayed. It seems strange to make a merit as we do of youth, of inexperience, of hardness of heart. Her untroubled young spirit had little sympathy for others more weary and wayworn. She loved, but without sympathy; but all the same, the brightness of her youth and its unconscious sweetness spread and warmed, and comforted those upon whom its influence fell.

Dorothea Vanborough was a woman of many-changing emotions and sentiments; frank to herself, doubting herself all the while; diffident where she should have been bold, loving the right above all things, and from very excess of scruples, troubled at times, and hard to others. Then came regret and self-abasement and reproach, how bitter none can tell but those who, like her, have suffered from many and complicated emotions—trusting, mistrusting, longing for truth, and, from this very longing, failing often. She loved because she was young and her heart was tender and humble. She doubted because she was young and because the truth was in her, urging her to do that which she would not have done, and to feel the things that she would not have felt. But all this was only revealed to her later, only it was there from the beginning. Dolly was very shy and very happy all these early days.

Frank Raban thought Dolly careless, hard in her judgments, spoiled by the love that was showered upon her; he thought she was not kind to Rhoda. All this he dwelt upon, nor could he forget her judgment upon himself. Poor Raban acknowledged that for him no judgment could be too severe, and yet he would have loved Dolly to be pitiful; although she could now never be anything to him—never, so long as they both lived. When the news came of her engagement, it was a pain to him that he had long expected, and that he accepted. One failure in life was enough. He made no advance; he watched her; he let her go, foolish man! without a word. Sometimes Rhoda would talk to him about Dolly. Frank always listened.

"She does not mean to be cold. Indeed, I don't think so—I am so used to her manner that I do not think of it," Rhoda would say. "Dear Dolly is full of good and generous impulses. She will make Robert Henley a noble wife if he only gives in to her in everything. I would I were half as good as she is; but she is a little hasty at times, and wants every one to do as she tells them."

"And you do as everybody tells you," said Raban.

And to do Rhoda justice, she worked her fingers to the bone, she walked to poor people's houses through the rain and mud; she was always good-tempered, she was a valuable inmate in the household. Zoe said she couldn't think how Rhoda got through half what she did. "Here,

there, and everywhere," says Zoe, in an aggrieved voice, "before I have time to turn."

Notwithstanding the engagement, the little household at Church House went its usual course. Lady Sarah had followed her own beaten ways so long, that she seemed, from habit, to travel on whether or not her interest went with her. Those old days are almost forgotten now, even by the people who lived in them. With a strange, present thrill Dolly remembers sometimes, as she passes through the old haunts of her early youth, a past instant of time, a past state of sentiment, as bygone as the hour to which it belonged. Passing by the old busy corner of the church not long ago, Dolly remembered how she and Robert had met Raban there one day, just after their news had been made public. He tried to avoid them, then changed his mind and came straight up and shook hands, uttering his good wishes in a cold, odd manner, that Dolly thought almost unkind.

"I am afraid my good wishes can add little to your happiness, but I congratulate you," he said to Robert; "and I wish you all happiness," he said to Dolly; and then they were all silent for a minute.

"You will come soon, won't you?" said Dolly, shyly.

"Good-by," said Frank Raban, walking away very quickly.

He had meant to keep away, but he came just as usual to Church House, and was there even more constantly. Lady Sarah was glad of his companionship for George, who seemed in a very strange and excited state of mind.

This summer of '54 was an eventful summer; and while Dolly was living in her own youthful world, concentrated in the overwhelming interests that had come of late, in old and the new ties, so hard to grasp, so hard to loose, armies were marching, fleets were sailing, politicians and emperors were pondering upon the great catastrophe that seemed imminent. War had been declared; with it the great fleets had come speeding across the sea from one horizon to another. The events of the day only reached Dolly like echoes from a long way off, brought by Robert and by George, printed in the paper. Robert was no keen politician. He was too full of his own new plans and new career. George was far more excited, and of a more fiery temper. Frank Raban and George and he used to have long and angry arguments. Raban maintained that the whole thing was a mistake, a surrender to popular outcry. George and Robert were for fighting at any price: for once they agreed.

"I don't see," said George, "what there is in life to make it so preferable to anything else, to every sense of honour and of consideration, of liberty of action. Life, to be worth anything, is only a combination of all these things; and for one or any of them I think I should be willing to give my life."

"Of course, if it were necessary," said Henley, "one would do what was expected of one. There is my cousin, Jonah Henley, joining his regiment next week. I confess it is on different grounds from you that I approve of this war. I do not like to see England falling in the—a—

estimation of Europe: we can afford to go to war. Russia's pretensions are intolerable; and, with France to assist us, I believe the Government is thoroughly justified in the course it is pursuing."

"I don't think we are ready," said Raban, in his odd, constrained voice. "I don't think we *are* justified. We sit at home and write heroic newspaper articles, and we send out poor fellows by rank and by file to be pounded at and cut to mincemeat, for what? to defend a worn-out remnant of a past from the inevitable advance of the future. Suppose we put things back a hundred years, what good shall we have done?"

"But think of our Overland Route," said Henley; "suppose the future should interfere with the P. and O."

There were green lanes in those days leading from the far end of that lane in which Church House was built to others that crossed a wide and spreading country, it is not even yet quite overflowed by the waves of brick—that tide that flows out in long, strange furrows, and never ebbs away. Dolly and Henley went wandering along these lanes one fine afternoon; they were going they knew not where; into a land of Canaan, so Dolly thought it: green cabbages, a long, gleaming canal, hawthorn hedges, and a great overarched sky that began to turn red when the sun set. Now and then they came to some old house that had outstood storms and years, fluttering signals of distress in the shape of old shirts and clothes hung out to dry; in the distance rose Kensington spires and steeples; now and then a workman trudged by on his way home; distant bells rang in this wide, desolate country. Women come tramping home from their long day's work in the fields, and look hard at the handsome young couple, Dolly with cast-down eyes, Robert with his nose up in the air. The women trudge wearily home; the young folks walk step by step into life. The birds cross the sky in a sudden flight; the cabbages grow where they are planted.

They missed the Chelsea Lane. Dolly should have known the way, but she was absorbed and unobservant, and those cross-ways were a labyrinth except for those who were well used to them. They found themselves presently in the Old Brompton Road, with its elm-trees and old gable roofs darkening against the sunset. How sweet it was, with red lights burning, people slowly straggling like themselves, and enjoying the gentle ease of the twilight and of the soft west wind. Dolly led Henley back by the old winding road, with its bends and fancies; its cottages, within close-built walls; and stately old houses, with iron scroll-work on their garden gates, and gardens not yet destroyed. Then they came to a rueful row of bricks and staring windows. A young couple stood side by side against the low rail in front of their home. Dolly remembered this afterwards; for the sky was very splendid just then, and the young woman's violet dress seemed to blaze with the beautiful light, as she stood in her quaint little garden, looking out across the road to the well-remembered pond and some fields beyond. Along the distant line of the plains great soft ships of vapour were floating; the windows of the distant houses flashed; the

pond looked all splendid and sombre in its shady corner. The evening seemed vast and sweet, and Dolly's heart was full.

"Are you tired?" said Robert, seeing that she lingered.

"Tired? no," said Dorothea. "I was looking at the sky, and wondering how it would have been if you had gone away and never——?" She stopped.

"Why think about it?" said Robert. "You would have married somebody else, I suppose."

He said it in a matter-of-fact sort of way, and for a moment Dolly's eyebrows seemed to darken over her eyes. It was a mere nothing, the passing shadow of a thought.

"You are right," said Dolly, wistfully. "It is no use thinking how unhappy one might have been. Have you ever been very unhappy, Robert?" Now that she was so happy, Dolly seemed, for the first time, to realize what sorrow might be.

"A certain young lady made me very unhappy one day not long ago," said Robert, "when she tried to freeze me up with a snowball."

This was not what Dolly meant: she was in earnest, and he answered her with a joke; she wanted a sign, and no sign was given to her.

They had just reached home, when Robert said, with his hand on the bell: "This has not been unhappy, has it, Dolly? We shall have a great many more walks together when I can spare the time. But you must talk to me more, and not be so shy, dearest."

Something flew by as he spoke, and went fluttering into the ivy.

"That was a bat," said Dolly, shrinking, while Robert stood shaking his umbrella-stick among the ivy leaves; but it was too dark to see anything distinctly.

"I hope," said Robert, sentimentally, "to come and see you constantly when this term is over. Then we shall know more of each other, Dora."

"Don't we know each other?" asked Dolly, with one of her quick glances; "I think I know you quite well, Robert—better than I know myself almost," she added with a sigh.

When they came into the drawing-room the lamp was alight, and George and Rhoda were there with Lady Sarah. George was talking at the very pitch of his melancholy voice, Lady Sarah was listening with a pale, fixed face like a person who has made up her mind.

Rhoda was twirling her work round and round her fingers. She had broken the wool, and dropped the stitches. It was by a strong effort that she sat so still.

"Here is George announcing his intentions," said Lady Sarah, as they came in. "Perhaps you, Robert, will be able to preach good sense to him."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah!" Dolly cried, springing forward, "at last he has told you. . . . Has Rhoda?" Dolly's two hands were clasped in excitement. Lady Sarah looked at her in some surprise.

There was a crash, a scream from Rhoda. The flower-glass had gone over on the table beside her, and all the water was running about over the carpet.

"My dress—my Sunday best!" cried Rhoda. "Lady Sarah, I am so sorry."

Dolly bent over to pick up the table, and, as she did so, Rhoda whispered, "Be silent, or you will ruin George."

"Ruined?" said Robert. "Your dress is not ruined, Rhoda. I speak from experience, for I wear a silk gown myself."

"George says he will not take my living," said Lady Sarah. "He wishes to be—— What do you wish to be, George?"

George, somewhat confused, said he wished to be a soldier—anything but a clergyman.

"You don't mean to say you are going to be such a — that you refuse seven hundred a year?" said Henley, stopping short.

"Confound it!" cried George, "can't you all leave a poor fellow in peace?" And he burst out of the room.

"Come here, Dolly," said Mrs. Palmer, from a distant corner of the room; "make this foolish darling do as his aunt wishes. I am sure the Admiral would quite feel as I do."

"Seven hundred a year," said Lady Sarah. "Wretched boy! I shall sell the presentation."

"Oh, Robert!" said Dolly, "he is right if he can't make up his mind. I know Aunt Sarah thinks so."

Dolly could not help being vexed with Robert. He shrugged his shoulders, said that George would regret his decision, and went on to talk of various plans that he himself had at heart, just as if George had never existed.

"I want you to trust Dolly to me for a few days," said he. "I want to take her down to Smokethwaite with my aunt. She must see Jonah before he leaves. They all write, and urge her coming."

Lady Sarah agreed, with a sigh, and her eyes filled with tears. She turned away abruptly to hide them.

Many and many were the tears she wiped away, for fear Dolly should see them. George's whole body was not so dear to her as Dolly's little finger. She blamed herself in vain afterwards, when it was too late. Sometimes she could hardly bear to see her niece come into the room with her smiling face, and she scarcely answered when the sweet girl's voice came echoing and calling about the house. Could it be true that it was going, that sweet voice? Laughing, scolding, chattering, hour by hour—were the many footsteps going, too, and the rustle of her dress, and the look of her happy eyes? was the time already come for Dolly to fly away from the old nest that had sheltered her for so short a time? She seemed scarcely to have come—scarcely to have begun her sweet home song—and already she was eager to go!

But Rhoda had come up, looking very pale, to say good-night. As she

said good-by, Dolly followed her out, and tried to put in some little word for George. "Rhoda, he has been true to himself," she whispered; "that is best of all—is not it?"

"Let him be true to himself, by all means," said Rhoda.

She was thoroughly out of temper. Dolly had not improved matters by talking about them. George came out of the oak room prepared to walk back with her. "No, thank you," said Rhoda, trembling very much. "I won't trouble you to come home with me."

She was tying her bonnet and pinning on her shawl in an agitated way. George watched her in silence. When she was ready to go, he held out his hand. "Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," said Rhoda, hurrying off without looking up, and passing out into the street.

It was unbearable. If George loved her he might do as she wished. But he would sacrifice nothing—not one fancy. Her Uncle John was a clergyman. It was a very high calling. Rhoda thought of the pretty little parsonage house, and the church, and the cottages all round about, only waiting to be done good to, while the apples were baking on the trees and cakes in the oven, all of which good things George had refused—George, who did not know one bit what he was doing, nor what it was to scrape, and starve, and live with dull, stunted, scraping people. She was quite tired of it all. It was not a real life that she led; it was a house-keeper's situation, just like Aunt Morgan. She had done her best, and she had earned a rest, and she would not begin all over again. George might be as true as he liked. Rhoda ran up the steps of the old brown house in a silent passion, and gave a sharp pull at the bell. Yes, she hated it all. She was utterly tired of it all—of the noisy home, of Aunt Morgan's precepts and flannels. She could hear the clink of plates in the dining-room, where the inevitable anters of cheese and cold meat were set out on the shabby table-cloth, where her Aunt Morgan stood in her black cap and stiff brown curls, carving slice after slice for the hungry curate. "You are late, Rhoda," said her aunt. "I suppose you stayed to late dinner with your friends?"

"No; but I am not hungry," said Rhoda, shrinking away.

"Why, Rhoda, what is the matter?" said John, kindly, and he held out his big hand to her.

---

## English Translations of Goethe's *Faust*. \*

It would appear that a large number of young people at Oxford who have but an imperfect acquaintance with the Greek language, consider Homer an easy author in whose works to present themselves for examination; every school and university has its traditions of lamentable failures in Greek Testament construed at a shot, while a wider experience tends to prove that the real difficulty of an author is often in exact proportion to the seeming ease. It is somewhat strange that *Faust* shares with the *Iliad* and the Bible the ill fate of being a work which all men think they can translate, for the difficulties are extremely obvious to every one who reads the Tragedy through. We suspect the truth is, that most men who know any German have tried their 'prentice hand on one of the better known and simpler, we do not say easier, bits, such as Gretchen's song, and encouraged by the fact that they could understand it, and render it into rhyme of some sort, have been led on, till the great poem had them in its spell, and, in spite of failure, in spite of ignorance, in spite of the lack of all poetic power, they could never again let it alone.

Whatever the reason, the fact is there. More than twenty versions of the whole or part of *Faust* have found their way into print, if not all of them into public notice, and as we write, two more, unpublished, lie before us, one of the complete First Part, the other of fragments only; but each of them at least as ambitious as any of its predecessors. We propose to examine some of these, that our readers may have before them the means of answering, at least to their own satisfaction, the often-repeated questions, Is *Faust* Translatable, and if so, has the Translation yet appeared?

Mr. Lewes, as we all know, has pronounced decidedly in the negative to the former of these questions, which of course includes the latter, but it is impossible to accept his judgment as final. He takes, to illustrate his verdict, some well-known lines in English, paraphrases them, and then calls us to remark how completely the spirit and grace have evaporated.

- 
- \* *The Life and Works of Goethe*. By G. H. LEWES. London: 1855.  
*Faust, a Drama*. Translated by LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER (LORD ELLESMERE). London: 1823.  
*Faust, a Tragedy by Goethe*. Translated into English verse by JOHN HILLS, Esq. London and Berlin: 1840.  
*Faust, a Dramatic Poem by Goethe*. Translated into English verse by THEODORE MARTIN. London: 1865.  
*Faust, a Tragedy by Goethe*. Translated into the original metres by BAYARD TAYLOR. London: 1871.

Together with many others, the names of the best and worst of which will be found in the text.

Of this Mr. Bayard Taylor well says, "He turns away from the *one best* word or phrase in the English lines he quotes, whereas the translator seeks precisely that one best word or phrase, having *all* the resources of his language at command, to represent what is said in another language." Further, "the translator must be guided by a secondary inspiration. Surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit which shall speak through him, he receives also a portion of the same creative power." If this is true, it will be obviously impossible that any man should be inspired, by the pretty but trivial verses quoted, at all in the same degree as he would by the majesty and melody of Goethe's great conception and Goethe's verse.

That Goethe himself thought *Faust* could be translated is clear from his own selection of the date and style of the French into which it should be rendered; and if into French, surely into English, a tongue so related in its every variety, familiar and heroic, to that in which he wrote.

There is, however, a difference between all translations from modern rhythmical and rhymed work, and those from prose or from the poetry of dead languages. Mrs. Austen's version of the *Story without an End*, many passages of our own Bible, notably the Lament over the King of Assyria in Isaiah, and the 11th Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Motteaux's translation of *Rabelais*, are all proofs that a passage may even gain in its new dress; while in the case of translations from the Greek and Latin, we know too little how the poems sounded to those for whose ears they were written, to make it possible for us to care about their metres being exactly preserved. And as a rule, such versions are made for the instruction or the pleasure of those who do not understand the original languages.

But the translator of a modern poet strives to reproduce in his own language that which others as well as he already thoroughly know in that in which it was written, to bring into an alien tongue the ideas, the melody, and form of the original, so that the scholar may recognize in the new all that he knows in the old, and may read the original tongue behind the fresh words; while the student ignorant of the language may, if he afterwards learn it, find when he comes to read the original, precisely that which he has read before. And this can be done. Mr. Bayard Taylor gives as a specimen one of Freiligrath's translations, but even this, good as it is, is not in our opinion his best. It may be only the beauty of Mendelssohn's notes which make us see no inferiority whatever to the original in the lovely lines, "O sah ich auf der Heide dort," into which Freiligrath has rendered Burns's "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and therefore we prefer to quote his rendering of "My heart is sair for Somebody:"—

Mein Herz ist schwer Gott sei's geklagt,  
 Mein Herz ist schwer für Einen.  
 O Gott, eine lange Winternacht  
 Könnt' wachen ich für Einen.  
 O Leid für Einen!  
 O Freud für Einen!  
 Die ganze Welt könnt' ich durchzieh'n  
 Für Einen.

Ihr Mächte, reiner Liebe hold,  
 O, lächelt mild auf Einen !  
 Schützt vor Gefahr ihn, bringst gesund  
 Zurück mir meinen Einen !  
 O Leid für Einen !  
 O Freud für Einen !  
 Ich thät—O Gott, was thät ich nicht  
 Für Einen ?

Here, while there is the most scrupulous fidelity to metre and sentiment, while each single word has its equivalent, there is, quite unconsciously, a shade of improvement in the German on the original Scotch. "Ihr Mächte, *reiner* Liebe hold," is certainly preferable to "Ye powers that smile on *virtuous* Love." It may be objected, and no doubt would be by Mr. Taylor, that "Einen" is not a precise metrical equivalent for "Somebody," in that it substitutes a trochee for a dactyl. Here, however, we should assert that no other liberty is taken than is permissible, even in some of the rigid metres of antiquity, which are in no degree perceptibly varied by the substitution of one foot for another. Between a dactylic hexameter and a spondaic there is a noticeable variation, but there is no noticeable variation between two hexameters of dactyls and spondees combined in different order; there is none between two Greek Iambic lines not entirely composed of Iambic feet.

The great success which Freiligrath has had in rendering many of our English poets, the equally remarkable skill of Mr. Leland in his version of some of the most melodious and delicate of Heine's songs, would seem to show that in order to translate admirably it is not necessary to be an admirable original poet. To have deep and true poetic feeling, a subtle sense for the niceties of thought and language, is necessary, but we are inclined to think that any true fervour of original poetic inspiration would interfere with the utter subordination of self required in a faithful translator. We do not forget a graceful American writer when we express our conviction that no great poet has ever been a good translator; nor are we surprised that writers of pretty verse, like Freiligrath and Mr. Leland, render perfect poetry better than could Shelley, full of his own divine passion.

We think then with Mr. Bayard Taylor that a good translation of *Faust* is possible, and we agree in the main with the rules he lays down. It must represent the form as well as the spirit of the original, must be in the same metres, and the rhymes must follow the same order; each speech, paragraph, and song, must consist of the same number of lines as the German, so that in reading the English, the German shall ever be present to the mind. When, however, he says, that "an occasional change in the number of feet or order of rhyme," is no violation of the metrical plan, we differ with him. The want of rhyme in the place in which we know it should fall, wholly disturbs our old associations with a well-known passage. To omit, for instance, two rhymes in each verse of "*Der König im Thule*," is to mar the exquisite beauty of the song. So to leave a line unrhymed, and "balance the omission by giving rhymes to other lines which stand unrhymed in the original text," is to commit a double fault, as well as to

lack patience to overcome difficulties, and then justify impatience by a very lame excuse.

We turn now to consider how that which is possible has been done; so far only, however, as the First Part of *Faust* is concerned. Without in any degree denying the wonderful beauty of much of the Second Part, while we quite admit that much in it belongs to the old *Faust Legend*, and so far supplements the First Part, there can be no doubt that Goethe used it as "Ein Kehrichtfass und eine Rumpelkammer," a bin for sweepings and a lumber-room, in which to thrust whatever came into his teeming brain; and for which he found no other place. But the First Part is perfect, nothing in it has not its true position. There is no word which has not its bearing on the whole, the whole being, as it seems to us, the one consummate masterpiece of modern poetic art. We entirely fail to understand what Mr. Lewes means when he says that the student's first feeling is one of disappointment, since from the earliest time we read the tragedy, in school-boy days, and then only in Filmore's translation, we have been under its mastery, and still each fresh perusal brings us under the possession of words that ring in our brain, and take hold of our thoughts as no other poem or work of any kind has ever done but this alone.

Of many versions we need scarcely speak at all, but only of such as endeavour at least to comply with the canons of translation which we have accepted as our own. Hayward's prose, in spite of some slight blemishes, and some slight shortcomings in scholarship, still rightly holds its place as the best that can be done short of real excellence in rhyme. It stands to the *Faust* as the authorized version of Isaiah does to that Prophet-Poet, or as the Prayer Book version of the Psalms to the original, far better than that of Sternhold and Hopkins, Keble, or even Dryden, who is said to have had some hand in the few good lines, but those are excellent, in the version of Tate and Brady.

Filmore has some idea of translating on correct principles, but as soon as a difficulty comes he cares neither for the metre, nor for the place of the rhymes. We shall give his Soldier's Song below as a fair specimen, and the whole may perhaps be read with a languid interest by any who do not know the original.

It is difficult to speak of Blackie's translation without seeming to come into collision with so great a critic as Mr. Lewes, who speaks of its "usual excellence." This we confess we do not discover, but our readers may read those passages in the *Life of Goethe*, which Mr. Lewes has thought worthy to be transferred to his pages. Per contra, we may remark, that like Filmore he cares neither for metre nor the place of rhymes when it suits his convenience to neglect them, and there are a crowd of passages mistranslated like the following:—

Der nach dem Schauspiel, hofft ein Kartenspiel,  
Der eine wilde Nacht an einer Dirne Busen.

One leaves the play to spend the night  
Upon a damsel's breast in wild delight,  
Another o'er a billiard table frets.

The simple words, "Das ist deine Welt ! das heisst eine Welt !" are expanded into "This is thy world ! such den must Faustus' soul immature." Nor can a translator have any feeling for rhythm and metre who thus travesties the following passage :—

Christ ist erstanden !  
Selig der Liebende,  
Der die betrübende,  
Heilsam und übende  
Prüfung bestanden.

Christ is arisen !  
Praised be his name !  
His love shared our prison  
Of sin and of shame.  
*He has borne the hard trial  
Of self denial,  
And victorious, ascends to the skies whence he came !*

Again, where Margaret tells her lover that her mother is in all things so accurate, so careful, but that after all there is no need so closely to pare expenses down,—*"Nicht dass sie just so sehr sich einzuschränken hat,"*—this wonderful Professor turns her statement into *"Not that she feels herself at all confined !"*

Mere difficulties in translation are traps into which he, in common with many more, has fallen, such as *"Wie sie kurz angebunden war,"* which, rightly turned by Taylor, *"How short and sharp of speech was she,"* is rendered by Lord Ellesmere *"As with her gown held up she fled,"* and by Blackie, *"And how so sharp she turned the street."* But gratuitous difficulties are made where it would seem hard to find them, as in the simple phrase, *"Die Augen gingen ihm über,"* rendered by Blackie, *"His eyes they swam in heaven."*

It has been needful to say thus much of Professor Blackie, because his translation has a certain reputation ; some others may be dismissed more briefly. Scarce need to say more of a Mr. Galvan, from Ireland, than that he makes "gray" rhyme with "sea," and "serene" with "chain ;" of a Mr. Birch, than that on the first page "fancy" rhymes to "clutch ye" and "choused" is gravely used in a pathetic line, that he thinks roaches swim in the air, calls Wagner a student "of great singleness of heart," and Lieschen "very rigid." No need to quote more of Mr. Knox than this stanza—

Has he that tombed did lie  
Already gloriously,  
In life's sublimity,  
Raised him on high.  
He in his ecstasy  
Growing divinity  
Enters his rest  
Of creative gladness ;  
We on earth's breast  
Linger in sadness, &c.

And passing by many others, we turn with sincere pleasure to the translations placed at the head of this article, all of which possess very considerable merit: Lord Ellesmere's, published in 1823; Mr. Hills', in 1840; and the recent renderings of Mr. Theodore Martin and Mr. Bayard Taylor. With these and the MS. of which we have spoken, we proceed to consider the Tragedy.

It opens with an invocation of exquisite beauty to "dim shadowy forms" who move around the poet, and bring the memories of earlier days when they were with him who now will not hear his song. No version that we have seen has even distantly approached the grace and melody of these few lines, so perfectly simple and so simply sad.

The Prologue in the Theatre has been well criticized by Mr. Lewes, whose words our readers would do well to consult. The manager of a company of strolling players, the poet, and the clown meet in consultation, and give their different views of Art, its intent, scope, and critics. The manager wishes to draw, the clown to amuse, the poet to uplift the people; and the dramatic power of the scene is shown above all in this, that while the whole dialogue is conducted with extreme skill, it is quite impossible to say on which side Goethe's own opinion lies. It is we who assist at the dialogue, we are to draw our conclusions. There is in this Prologue a passage of extraordinary beauty and difficulty, in which the poet claims for his art the harmonious arrangement of what without it would be confusion. A part of this we give in Mr. Theodore Martin's words, and in those of one of the MS. before us—

When Nature winds her endless threads along  
The spindles, heedless how they cross or tangle,  
When all created things, a jarring throng,  
In chaos intermingling clash and jangle,  
Who parts them till each living fibre takes  
Its ordered place, and moves in rhythmic time,  
Who in the general consecration makes  
Each unit swell the symphony sublime?  
Who tints our passions with the tempest's glooms,  
Our solemn thoughts with twilight's roseate red,  
Who scatters all the springtide's loveliest blooms  
Along the path the loved one deigns to tread,  
Who of some chance green leaves doth chaplets twine  
Of glory for desert on every field,  
Assures Olympus, gives the stamp divine?  
Man's power immortal in the bard revealed.—MARTIN, p. 10.

That as poetry the following is not so good will perhaps scarcely need to be shown, but it is yet a trifle closer to the German and to the metre. It will be noticed that there is an intended effect in the varying length of the fifth line from the end, which is missed by Mr. Martin—

Since Nature reels the eternal threads of life  
Calm with her distaff twining all in one—  
Since all her creatures in discordant strife,  
Each through the other's being fuse and run—

Who takes their like successions as they roll,  
 Quickens, and parts them into rhythmic row,  
 Who calls each unit to the sacred whole,  
 That all the mighty chords may wake and grow —  
 Who lets the storm of passion wax and lower—  
 Who soothes the serious mind with evening's red—  
 Who in the springtide sheds each fairest flower  
 To fall before the dear one's tread,  
 Weaves in a garland green leaves valueless,  
 Thus to encrown each fair desert and show it,  
 Makes firm the heaven, brings Gods within its stress ?  
 The might of man, incarnate in the Poet.—MS.

This is one of those passages in which Mr. Taylor's version gives the reader an unpleasant sense of effort and strangeness from his determination to use a double rhyme wherever it is so used in the original. The result is that we have Goethe's nervous German translated into the Latin words in our language, rather than into those which have affinity with the German—distance, existence, creation, ordination, dance, consonance. These double rhymes Mr. Taylor considers a main feature in his work. "The feminine and dactylic rhymes, which have been for the most part omitted by all translators except Mr. Brookes, are indispensable" (Taylor, p. xviii). While we admit that Mr. Taylor has been singularly successful in his endeavour—while we assent to his assertion that "the difficulty to be overcome is one of construction rather than of the vocabulary," we yet think that these rhymes, except when sparingly employed, are so alien to the spirit of good English poetry and to that side of the language into which translation from the German should be made, that their so frequent employment is a serious blemish, though the only *serious* blemish on the level goodness of Mr. Taylor's conscientious and reverent work.

We pass to the Prologue in Heaven, about which translators and critics have been so mealy-mouthed, and for which they have made such feeble and needless excuses. If the Devil is not to appear at all in fiction, the whole tragedy, and not this part only, is objectionable; if he is, his devilishness can only be known and brought out in its fulness in the presence of the highest good. This Milton saw long since, and did not scruple to introduce the Almighty on the scene, as the writer of Job, from whom Goethe took his plan, did long before him. Milton's devil being "not less than Archangel ruined," talks "taller" than Mephistopheles, who says of himself, "I'm not among the greater lords," and the Eternal is only engaged in theological and physical disputes with his adversary. But there is another side to evil—the low, sensual, sneering, irritant side, which can only be effectually displayed in all its hideousness in its contrast with supreme excellence and power. And Mephistopheles would not be himself a spirit which always denies, a spirit which is void of all reverence, all perception of what is grand and fair, without his last soliloquy, in this prologue, when the vision of heaven closes and he is left alone. The passage is so short that we quote the German also :—

Von Zeit zu Zeit seh' ich den Alten gern,  
 Und hüte mich mit ihm zu brechen.  
 Es ist gar hübsch von einem grossen Herrn  
 So menschlich mit dem Teufel selbst zu sprechen.

Thus translated by Taylor :—

I like at times to hear the Ancient's word,  
 And have a care to be most civil;  
 It's really kind of such a noble Lord  
 So humanly to gossip with the Devil !—TAYLOR, p. 17.

Or, perhaps, more literally—

I'm glad to see the Old One, on my word,  
 Must keep the acquaintance and be civil,  
 'Tis mighty pretty in so great a Lord  
 To speak humanely to the very Devil.—MS.

The Night Scene in Faust's study, in which all the weary and unsatisfied restlessness of a mind which feels but will not acquiesce in the limited faculties of man is laid bare with the power and pitilessness of a skilled anatomist, in which one of the trains of reasoning which form the excuse, and often a sound one, for suicide, is subtly developed, includes also the invocation of spirits by magic, the introduction of the pedant, who is the foil to Faust's true scientific culture, and the Easter Hymn, whose notes heard sounding near have power to dash the cup of poison from Faust's lips. It, more than any other scene, must be studied as a whole, and we will not quote at length from it. Two lines, however, will serve to show the variety of interpretation which a difficult passage may receive, and we take the concluding words of the rhythm of the Spirit of Earth, already well known by Mr. Carlyle's version. The words are—

So schaff'ich am sausen den Webstuhl der Zeit  
 Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

Of which we have among other versions—

Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply  
 And work for God the Garment that thou seest him by.—CARLYLE.

Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares  
 The garment of Life which the Deity wears.—TAYLOR.

Thus at Time's whizzing loom I ply  
 And weave the vesture of God that thou know'st him by.—MARTIN.

Ever thus at Time's whirling wheel sit I  
 And work the live vest of the Deity.

So the rolling loom of Time I shake  
 While the living garment of God I make.—MS.

These are all bad, yet, since we are sure it is to be done, we put it before our readers as a problem to be solved.

In the scene "Before the Gate" Faust and Wagner mix in the fair held on Easter Day. The whole free and bright life of a German Sunday is before us, into which Faust enters, and with which Wagner is disgusted ;

the many-sided man is more tolerant of the natural, even in its most vulgar aspects, than is the prig. But when the crowd is left behind, and Faust is alone with his own thoughts, for his companion counts for nothing with him, the old weariness, the old sense of dissatisfaction awakes, and he returns sadly home, followed by a dog which has attached itself to him on his way. The not unnatural restlessness of the brute, when Faust is so inconsiderate as to begin to translate the New Testament, introduces the incantation, by force of which Mephistopheles, dropping the shape of the poodle, appears, and in the next following scene binds himself to be the servant of Faust *here*, if Faust will serve him *down there*.

Of the "Soldier's Song" before the town, we give two versions—one in the metre of the original, one which gives the spirit alone, but gives it well. Messrs. Hills and Taylor, too, have rendered it fairly in the original metre; Mr. Martin has also done a spirited free translation.

Cities that tower  
Walled o'er the plain,  
Maiden with haughty  
Scornful disdain,  
These would I gain!  
Keen is the struggle,  
Noble the pay.  
Rings out the bugle,  
Rousing us all;  
Whether we conquer,  
Whether we fall,

That is a storming,  
That is a life,  
Cities and maidens  
Yield in the strife.

Keen is the struggle,  
Noble the pay,  
Soon are the soldiers  
Up and away.—MS.

Towns begirt with walls and moats,  
Maids of proud and lofty thoughts,  
Strong without and strong within,  
These are what I love to win;  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward.

Summoned by the trumpet's breath,  
We go to rapture or to death;  
For 'tis amid the battle's strife  
Thrills the rush, the life of life.

Maiden's heart and city's wall  
Were made to yield and made to fall,  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward;  
When we've held them each their day  
Soldier-like we march away.—FILMORE.

Mr. Taylor shall interpret for us *Faust's* acceptance of earthly joy at the devil's hand.

*Mephistopheles.* Done.

*Faust.*

And heartily,

When thus I hail the moment flying:

Ah still delay—thou art so fair.

Then bind me in thy bonds undying,

My final ruin then declare,

Then let the death-bell chime the token,  
 Then art thou from thy service free!  
 The clock may stop, the hand be broken,  
 Then time be finished unto me!—TAYLOR, p. 82.

The scene in which Mephistopheles, assuming *Faust's* robe, receives a student, may be read, on the whole, best in Lord Ellesmere's version, which gives more closely the spirit, while Mr. Taylor's is a trifle nearer the letter. Mr. Martin, who is easy and fluent, is perhaps too *modern* in phrases and in slang expressions, to render adequately the graver meaning which underlies the fun on the surface. But we do not quote from this, or from the scenes in Auerbach's Cellar, and the Witches' Kitchen, where Faust drinks the potion which makes him young again. We may say, however, in passing, that though there is nothing to quote, apart from the context, we are not at all among those who consider either of these scenes needless or blemishes, any more than are the Grave-Digging scene in *Hamlet*, and the Witches in *Macbeth*. It is essential to the whole evolution of the tragedy that Faust should be initiated into low and bestial revelry, and be at first disgusted. Afterwards, having deliberately and for pleasure's sake only, abandoned himself to sensuality, however refined, and taken the draught which is to fit him for *such* pleasure, his fall is rapid, and he, even more than the devil himself, is ready to enter at a later time into the wildest orgies of the Witches' Sabbath on the Walpurgis Night.

The scene in which Faust meets Margaret is one of those which are the despair of translators. There is no character in fiction which can quite be classed with her. There is in her a simplicity which is not childishness nor ignorance (for the scene with Lieschen is evidence that her mind has dwelt on the possibility of maiden shame), vehement passion which is never coarse, crime from which we do not turn away. The softness and yielding of Hetty in *Adam Bede*, fused with the simplicity of Perdita and the passion of Juliet, alone can represent the charm of this, the most touching character in the whole range of fiction. Her language is always that of a simple peasant, but never vulgar: it is like the direct statements of a child whose utterances would often be coarse if there were in them a trace of self-consciousness. Child of a mother too stern and exacting, she easily makes a friend of Martha, whose loose conduct and looser theories are quite unsuspected though they pave the way to her own ruin. Gretchen's songs are known to all; there is no successful translation of "Es war ein König im Thule," nor are the early scenes in which Margaret appears rendered by any translators quite as well as we conceive it is possible they should be. We can find room only for the soliloquy of Gretchen when Faust has gone, after their mutual confession of love for each other:

Du lieber Gott! was so ein Mann  
 Nicht alles alles denken kann!

Beschämt nur steh' ich vor ihm da,  
Und sag' zu allen Sachen ja,  
Bin doch ein arm unwissend Kind,  
Begreife nicht was er an mir find't.

Lord Ellesmere leaves out the whole scene, Mr. Martin neglects the rhymes, Mr. Hills waters down "Du lieber Gott!" into "Oh, gracious heavens!" so that our choice of translators is limited. Mr. Taylor is good, but rather too ungrammatical:

Dear God! however is it such  
A man can think and know so much?  
I stand ashamed and in amaze  
And answer "yes" to all he says,  
A poor unknowing child! and he,—  
I can't think what he finds in me.—TAYLOR.

Perhaps still more closely:

Dear God! how such a man as he  
Can think on all things that may be!  
I meet him in confused distress  
And always only answer "yes,"  
A simple child, I cannot see  
Whate'er it is he finds in me.—MS.

Of the next scene, "Wood and Cavern," one of the grandest in the tragedy, Mr. Lewes strangely says: "I do not understand the relation of this to the whole. Faust is alone among the solitudes of nature, pouring out his rapture and his despair. Mephisto enters, and the two wrangle. The scene is full of fine things, but its position in the work is not clear to me."

To us it seems that the meaning is unmistakable. When Faust first meets Gretchen, his purpose is one of deliberate seduction for the simple desire of sensual gratification; but he falls in love with Gretchen, and is in danger, from Mephistopheles' point of view, of slipping back to a something of his lost virtue. Filled with a genuine spirit of remorse and hesitation, alone with himself and Nature, he has nearly determined to rush away and leave the simple child in her pure life, when Mephistopheles, by a description of this very innocence, excites his pity for her lonely love, his imagination and his senses, and leads him captive once more.

Enough of this: your darling sits at home,  
And all around is sad and scant;  
For ever in her thoughts you come,  
Full room for love her forces want.  
Your wild love came as though a torrent roared  
When melting snows have bid some little brooklet rise,  
And into all her heart you poured;  
And now again the brooklet dries.  
Rather than thus in woods to play the king,  
'Twould well beseem a gentleman  
Reward with all the love he can  
The monkey, simple little thing.

For her the hours are sad and long.  
 She stands at the window, sees the clouds that fall  
 Above the ancient city wall,  
 "Were I a birdie only" goes her song  
 Half the night through, and all day long,  
 Though sometimes gay, more sad she proves,  
 Sometimes she'll wildly weep,  
 Then seeming quiet, falls asleep  
 And always loves.—MS.

This is followed by Gretchen's beautiful song, "Meine Ruh' ist hin," "My rest is over," when she thinks her lover is gone; and that by the second garden scene, in which Margaret catechizes Faust about his religion, and ends by promising to admit him to her room, by giving her mother a sleeping-draught.

We imagine that Goethe intended the death of Margaret's mother from the effect of this potion to have taken place on a much later occasion, only when her shame would have been nearly apparent, for Gretchen had certainly fallen, but her mother does not seem to have been dead in the Scene at the Well, when Lieschen tells her of the seduction of Barbara, and is astonished that Gretchen has a word of pity for such a drab. Mr. Lewes says: "Margaret, taught compassion by experience, cannot now triumph as formerly she would have triumphed, when she

Scarce found words enough to blame  
 The measure of another's shame."

But now she too has become what she chid; she too is a sinner, and cannot chide! The closing words of the soliloquy have never been translated; there is a something in the simplicity and intensity of the expression which defies translation:

Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,  
 Gott! war so gut! ach war so lieb!

Here, however, are some of the attempts—all as bad as they well can be:

Yet all that drove my heart thereto,  
 God! was so good, so dear, so true!—TAYLOR.

Yet all that urged me on—alas!  
 How sweet! O God! how dear it was.—HILLS.

And yet, and yet—alas the cause  
 God knows so good, so dear it was.—MARTIN.

Yet all that on to ruin drove,  
 Ah God, was good! and worth my love.—MS.

Immediately on this follows Gretchen's Hymn to the Virgin, founded on the grand old *Stabat Mater*. Of this the best translation is by a lady, the only one of her sex, as far as we know, who has translated

any considerable part of *Faust*, and we are glad to make it known to our readers :—

Bend down thy gracious brow,  
O rich in sorrow thou !  
Upon my sore distress and need !  
The sword hath pierced thy heart,  
For aching with the smart  
Thou stoodst to see thine own Son bleed.  
Then to the Father high  
Went up thy yearning sigh,  
Pleading for his and thy sore need.

Who knoweth  
How floweth  
Keen anguish through me now,  
How my poor heart with fear  
Is trembling longing here ?  
Thou knowest, only thou.

And wheresoe'er I go  
With woe, and woe, and woe,  
My heart is always aching ;  
And when alone I creep  
I weep, and weep, and weep,  
My heart is in me breaking.

The flowers before my window,  
As soon as dawn appears,  
Dew-gemmed I pluck to bring thee,  
The dew-drops are my tears.

The bright sun every morrow,  
As on the day that's fled,  
Finds me in lonely sorrow  
Weeping upon my bed.

Keep, save me, comfort me indeed,  
Bend down thy gracious brow,  
O Rich in sorrow thou !  
Upon my sore distress and need.—MS., 'A. P.'

This touching hymn prepares us for two scenes, in one of which Valentine, Gretchen's brother, finds Faust and Mephistopheles serenading his sister, whose shame is now known, and, attempting to drive them off, is slain, and dies reproaching her. There is no part more full of character and vigour, and Valentine, though only sketched, is drawn, we need scarcely say, with artist-hand. Faust, of course, has to fly for this murder, and Margaret seeks comfort in the cathedral, praying to God. An evil spirit is introduced, through whose words we learn that the mother has died from the sleeping-potion, and he infuses the temptation to kill the coming babe. In the former of these scenes is evidence of the strong hold the play of *Hamlet* always had over Goethe's mind. Whoever has read *Wilhelm Meister* will remember that a critique on *Hamlet* is one of the most interesting digressions of that most digressive work. Faust's self-communings have much in common with those of Hamlet, different as are the circumstances of the two characters. It is due, then, to Goethe's admiration for this play, and to the character of Mephistopheles, that the serenade, which Mephistopheles calls "ein moralisch Lied," is a free but excellent translation of Ophelia's song, "Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day." The song, too, is in admirable contrast with Faust's tone. He is always desirous of veiling his real sensuality and sin under a veil of romance, while Mephistopheles, on every occasion, strips off all wrappings, and brings to light that hidden element of baser desire which underlies almost every noble and tender feeling in all but the highest natures.

We would much wish to linger on the Walpurgis Nacht scene, especially because it would be interesting to compare Shelley's translation with the

more literal ones. His version is rather a "transcription," embroidered also with his own magnificent fancies. But we dare not quote, because to give any idea of this grand passage would require a large space. Let it, however, be said that this scene is no burlesque, no intrusion on the tragedy, but a very real display of the mode in which a debased spiritual nature takes shameless delight in all that is carnal, sensual, devilish. Yet through the whole there gleam flashes of a higher nature still in Faust; he will never be content without the possession of that which, at the time, seems the highest attainable, even when his quest is turned aside to an evil aim.

We pass to the last scene in the prison, where Margaret awaits her execution, for the crime of child-murder. A very great artist, in our own days, has made poor Hetty, in *Adam Bede*, interesting under the same circumstances, and, in spite of her crime, but then she has made her also little more than an animal, a creature almost without moral sense, whom we could still feel inclined to pet once more, as we may a cat which has devoured its young. Indeed, it is to a kitten that the author has compared her. Goethe, who has drawn his heroine as a true woman, with intellect, strong religious feelings, and a nature rather passionate and sensuous than sensual, is obliged to make her troubles unhinge her mind, and to hint that not only after, but before her crime, she was not of sound brain. Mad, stamped with infamy and awaiting death, Faust comes to her, having obtained, through Mephistopheles, the gaoler's keys, that he may lead her out to a new life.

Mr. Lewes truly says, "The terrible pathos of this interview brings tears to our eyes after twenty readings. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim passionless face of Mephistopheles appears—thus completing the circle of irony which runs throughout the poem." But we do not agree with him that it is untranslatable. It is true that no one has as yet succeeded, but all those whose versions have any merit at all have done part of it well, and we cannot doubt that some day it will be done by whoever is sufficiently penetrated by and filled with the spirit of the great master who wrote it.

We attempt to give some idea of it by means of various translations.

*The Prison.*

FAUST with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door.

Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,

Sick with the sense of man's collected woe;

Behind this dungeon's dripping walls she lies,

Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.

Traitor, thou dar'st not enter in

To face the witness of thy sin.

Forward! thy cowardice draws down the blow.—LORD ELLESMERE.

*He grasps the lock: singing is heard within.*

My mother the harlot

Who put me to death,

My father the varlet

Who eaten me hath!

Little sister so good  
Laid my bones in the wood,  
In the damp moss and clay;  
Then I was a beautiful bird o' the wood,  
Fly away! Fly away!—TAYLOR.

*FAUST opens the door.*

She little dreams that her beloved is near,  
The rattling chains, the rustling straw can hear.—MARTIN.

*[He enters.*

*Margaret (trying to conceal herself on the bed).* Woe! Woe! they come,  
'tis hard to die!

*Faust (gently).* Hush! Hush! I come to break thy chain.

*Margaret (dragging herself towards him).* Art thou a man, then feel sore  
need have I.

*Faust.* Hush, thou wilt cry the warders wake again.

*[He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*

*Margaret.* O headsman, who to thee such power

O'er me could give,  
Thou com'st for me at midnight hour,  
O pity me and let me live!

To wait for morn is not too long,

*[She stands up.*

For I am still so young, so young

For death to ruin.

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.

My love was near, but now is fled,

The flowers are scattered and the wreath is dead;

Clutch me not thus so cruelly,

Spare me, for what have I done to thee?

O let me not in vain implore

Who never saw thee in my days before!

*Faust.* How can I bear this sorrow more?

*Margaret.* I yield before thy greater might,

But let me give my babe the breast,

I rocked it on my heart to-night;

They took it, and with it my rest,

And now they say I killed it in despite:

I never more shall gladness know.

They make their songs on me, the folk act cruelly!

An old, old story ends just so.

Who pointed it at me?—MS.

*Faust.* Come, come, the night begins to wane.

*Margaret.* My mother have I foully slain,

My baby have I drowned,

Thy love and mine by it was crowned.

Thy love. 'Tis thou. Scarce true it seems.

Reach here thy hand. These are not dreams.

Thine own dear hand! But ah, what drips—

Oh wipe it—from thy finger-tips?

The blood drops run;

Ah God! what hast thou done?

O place thy dagger fast

Within the sheath.

*Faust.* Sweet ! let the past be past  
Thy words are death.—MS.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Margaret.* Be quick ! Be quick !  
Save thy perishing child !  
Away ! Follow the ridge  
Up by the brook,  
Over the bridge,  
Into the wood  
To the left, where the plank is placed  
In the pool !  
Seize it in haste,  
'Tis trying to rise,  
'Tis struggling still !  
Save it ! Save it !—TAYLOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Faust.* The day dawns, O my love, my love !  
*Margaret.* Day ! Yes, it is day ! the day of judgment's dawning,  
It should be my wedding morning.  
Tell no one that you came to me before.  
Woe for my wreath of flowers,  
All now is past,  
We two shall meet at last,  
But not for joyous hours.  
The crowd throngs, not a word they speak,  
The lanes, the square,  
Scarcely hold them there.  
When tolls the bell, the staff will break,  
Ah, how they seize me and bind me,  
Me to the blood-seat quick they take :  
The edge which quivers here behind me  
Is quivering now for every neck.  
The world lies dumb as the grave !—MS.

The above extracts may give some idea of this tremendous scene, unequalled, as it seems to us, in the whole range of tragedy, and with this our paper must end. We would gladly have examined more closely the errors and excellences of the translations we have named as the best, and mentioned some we have passed over in silence. These we must beg our readers to consider as, in our view, holding a middle place, not so good as those we have specified as good, or sinking into the depths of Messrs. Galvan and Birch.

If we have in any degree interested our readers, we trust their interest may lead them to study once more for themselves this greatest work of the century's greatest poet,

Who leads us in his magic spell  
From heaven through the world to hell.

---

## A Voyage to the Ringed Planet.

---

At midnight on the 9th of July, 1872, Saturn being at the time due south and not far above the horizon, we set forth on our voyage across the depths of space which separate this earth from the Ringed Planet. The voyage we were now undertaking was of far greater extent than that to the sun which I have already described. Nearly nine times as far we were to travel, and that not towards the glorious centre whence light and heat are dispersed to the members of the planetary scheme, but to regions where his influence is diminished a hundredfold, where for aught that we as yet knew an unendurable degree of cold may prevail, and where life must exist under conditions altogether different from those with which we were familiar. Yet I must confess that, deeply as I had been interested when we set forth on our journey to the sun, I was yet more interested on this occasion. Wonderful are the mysteries of the sun, stupendous his bulk and might, past conception his glory; yet the human sympathies are more directly affected by the thought of what may exist in worlds resembling our own. The grandeur of the universe is incomprehensible, "the glory of God is insufferable;" but in other worlds we may find creatures as imperfect as ourselves; there we may witness phenomena that we can understand because they are comparable with those already known to us—in such worlds, in fine, we may find safety from "the persecution of the infinite."

It was with a strange feeling that we watched the earth gradually passing from our view. It was night. Our course was directed towards the darkest region of the heavens, and as the faint lights which shone from towns and villages beneath us grew undiscernible with distance, we were immersed in a profound darkness, which seemed so much the more awful that around us was almost vacant space. As in our former journey the sounds of earth gradually subsided into perfect stillness; though again as we passed the confines of the air what had seemed stillness appeared to us as uproar by contrast with the silence of interplanetary space. We passed rapidly onwards, directing our course almost exactly towards Saturn, (now shining very conspicuously in a somewhat barren portion of the constellation Sagittarius), but giving our attention chiefly to the orb which we had so lately left. For we were curious to know how the earth would appear when viewed from its night-side. We could readily recognize the earth's shape because the stars were now shining with great splendour, in numbers enormously exceeding those which can be seen from the earth on the darkest and clearest night; and there was a vast circular disc of darkness where stars were blotted from view by the earth's globe. We could see this dark disc gradually contracting like the pupil of an eye, as

we travelled onwards, and we could in some sort estimate our position by noting the dimensions of this gigantic eye, whose iris was the star-spangled sky, while its pupil was the great globe itself which men inhabit.

Presently, as we travelled onwards, the moon appeared on the left of the earth. So soon as her full disc was uncovered we saw her as a fine sickle of light. But to our astonishment the rest of her disc was parti-coloured. The part farthest on the left was perfectly black, its outer outline only distinguishable because projected on the starlit sky. This part formed a black sickle almost exactly opposite to the sickle of true moonlight. But between the white and black sickles lay a half-lit space of a bluish green colour. This colour was well marked, and we were at some loss to account for it, until X. pointed out that this part of the moon's surface was illuminated by earthshine chiefly coming from the Pacific Ocean, whence doubtless proceeded the beautiful tint which was spread over the middle of the lunar disc.

Passing farther away, we saw that the left side of the earth's disc began to be illumined by a faint light received from the moon. Elsewhere, however, the disc of the earth continued perfectly dark, until we began to approach the orbit of the moon, when we could perceive that all round the earth's disc a deep red light was making its appearance. Before long we saw that this was actual sunlight. The earth's globe at this time presented a marvellous appearance. Its apparent diameter was about four times as great as the moon's (not as then appearing to us, but as she appears when seen from the earth); but all round this large dark disc we could see a ruddy light of extreme brightness, and growing gradually brighter as we receded. At length, while the earth's disc was still ten or twelve times larger than that of the sun or moon as seen from the earth, we could perceive that the red light was as bright as the rising sun. It was indeed actually the sun, rising into our view; but instead of rising opposite one part only of the earth's dark disc, the sun was rising (if I may use the expression) all round the earth; only in one or two places the bright red ring was interrupted, and opposite these regions the red glare beyond was somewhat fainter. But what seemed to us an amazing circumstance was to see the sun actually transformed into a red ring of light, having an apparent diameter more than three times greater than that he ordinarily presents. This must appear so incredible, that I fear many may be disposed to consider that we were in some way deceived; or even, in consequence of the doubts thus suggested, to disbelieve this narrative altogether; but it is my intention to describe what we actually witnessed, without inquiring how far it may seem likely or unlikely to those whom this narrative may reach.

I would willingly enter upon X.'s ingenious explanation of the spectacle now presented to us, as well as of the varying aspect presented by the sun as our distance gradually increased. But I am told that it is desirable for me to turn from the narrative of these phenomena, in order to present the record of that part of our journey which relates more particularly to

the planet Saturn. Let it suffice, then, to mention that the bright ring of light which was for the nonce our sun, contracted gradually in diameter as we receded, increasing continually in brightness. Later we reached a stage on our journey when the earth began to be presented as a vast black disc upon the solar face, now no longer magnified by the effect of the earth's atmosphere. This black disc grew smaller and smaller, until presently another smaller disc—the moon's—appeared along with it on the sun's face. At this time we had passed somewhat beyond the path of Mars, and we turned from the further contemplation of the earth and moon, in order to give all our attention to the circumstances of our journey towards the ringed planet.

Saturn now appeared much brighter than we had ever before beheld him. Our course thus far had carried us almost directly towards him, though a very slight deviation northwards had to be made so soon as we ceased to direct our path by keeping the earth on the middle of the sun's face. We had had a special object in this, as X. was very desirous of studying the varying appearance of the earth as we so travelled. Now, however, we travelled directly towards the rich golden orb of Saturn. We could not at present see the ring, nor, indeed, any sign that the planet is not like other planets. Saturn shone there before us, distinguished only from the stars by his superior brightness, and a certain indescribable contrast between his light and theirs. For though the stars were not twinkling, but shining with "purest ray serene," yet was there something in the stellar light which caused it to differ unmistakably from that of Saturn. It may have been partly, perhaps, that, owing to the exceeding swiftness of our onward flight, we unconsciously recognized the comparative nearness of Saturn; and were thus impressed by the distinction between the light from suns millions of times farther from us, and that from an orb which, vast though it is, is yet insignificant compared with the least of the suns which people space.

We passed through the zone of asteroids, and I could tell you much that would interest you respecting these small bodies; but it will be better to reserve such details for another occasion. Let it suffice to mention that astronomers have not yet discovered the thousandth part of this family of small planets. Even crossing the zone at one particular point we saw more asteroids than astronomers have yet counted; though certainly hundreds of those we saw were so small that astronomers could not hope to see them with the telescopes at present in use. Not even the largest that we passed presented any signs of being inhabited or fit for habitation. But the asteroids are not fragments of a larger planet. Every one of these bodies is as well rounded an orb as the earth on which you live.

Swiftly we traversed the enormous gap separating the outermost part of the zone of asteroids from the path of Jupiter. Although this planet was on the opposite part of his orbit, we could recognize our approach to his course by a circumstance which caused us no little surprise. We found many small comets travelling slantwise across our path in this

neighbourhood. Probably they belong to a system or family of comets which have been attracted from their former course round the sun, by the mighty energy residing in Jupiter's mass, and have thenceforth continued to circle in paths crossing that of the giant planet. If so, their real number must be enormous; for, of course, we only saw a few of those which happened at the time to be rounding the part of their path near Jupiter's orbit, or rather, near that part of Jupiter's orbit which we crossed in journeying to Saturn.

When we were within about ninety millions of miles from Saturn, we began to recognize the shape of the Saturnian rings. The planet was now a glorious object. It was shining far more brightly than Jupiter or Venus when at their brightest; and its rich golden yellow hue distinguished it from all that we had hitherto seen in the heavens. There was no orb within our view, save the sun alone, which could be compared with this golden oval in splendour, though the whole of the celestial sphere, spread over with a hundred thousand stars, was open to our contemplation. Behind us lay the sun, whose disc was barely equal to the seventieth part of the orb he shows to the earth. Directly in front lay Saturn, looking nearly as large as the sun, though infinitely less brilliant. Besides these two orbs, the heavens presented only bright points of light; and the earth we had so lately left was now altogether undiscernible.

Impressed with a sense of utter loneliness,—for save where some vagrant meteor flashed past us, we saw no created thing within ninety millions of miles,—we exercised the powers we possessed to their utmost, in order to reach the planet which we recognized for the time being as a home prepared for us. Saturn grew under our view, so swift was our onward flight; his ring-system became more and more clearly discernible; and his satellites could now be clearly distinguished from the star-bespangled background over which hitherto all but the two brightest had been lost. We had determined to pass straight to the planet's globe, a course which would carry us above the nearest part of the ring-system. I say "above," though in reality "above was below, and below was above," stripped as we were of gravitating body. We were in fact to pass athwart the northern face of the rings.

As we neared the planet, though as yet we were far beyond the path of the outermost satellite, we could perceive that the golden colour which had formed so beautiful a feature of Saturn, came from certain parts only of his globe; or rather, a much deeper tint, a burning cinnamon (so to describe at once the intensity of the colour and its peculiar hue), came from certain zones of the planet. Even these zones seem mottled, inasmuch that we were prepared to find that on a nearer approach their tint would be found to result from a mixture of various colours. But between them were zones quite differently tinted. The actual aspect of the planet may be thus described: the great central zone, occupying the position of the planet's equator, was of a bright yellow, so flecked with spots of pure white that when we had been somewhat farther away it had appeared

almost perfectly white. Then came on either side zones of a rich purple flecked with yellow spots, between which were the "burning cinnamon" bands already mentioned. But the purple of the zones became more and more bluish the farther the zones were from the equatorial belt. Close by the north pole were several narrow zones of a delicate blue; and the pole itself was occupied by a wide region of rich cobalt blue, flecked with purple and olive-green spots. The southern polar regions were as yet concealed from our view by the rings. There was a symmetry and beauty in the whole aspect of the planet which cannot be described. The rings added largely to the effect; they also presented a singularly charming arrangement of colour. We could already perceive that the outer ring was divided into two distinct rings, and also by several circular gaps not extending completely round, while the chief ring (the second great ring inwards) appeared very singularly striped by a series of dark concentric markings. Both these rings shone with a yellow light, the dark markings presenting a sepia tint, while the great division between the two rings, instead of being black as we expected, was of a deep brown-purple colour. Somewhat similar, but more richly purple, was the so-called dark ring, except that where it crossed the planet's disc it appeared to shine with a full brown colour. The shape of the globe, and even the figure of certain markings upon it, could be distinctly seen through the dark ring. We even thought that we could trace the shape of the globe through the inner part of the second bright ring, and subsequently we found that we had not been deceived in this respect.

In order to avoid confusion it will be well that I should omit further reference at present to what in reality occupied no small share of our attention as we approached Saturn's globe. The marvellous aspect of the rings must be described farther on. For the present I shall speak only of the globe of the planet.

To our amazement we found, as we drew nearer to Saturn, that his whole surface presented a scene of indescribable agitation. The white clouds on the equatorial belt appeared and changed in shape and vanished with startling rapidity. And the whole of this belt seemed opalescent, the colour and brightness of the different parts varying continuously. These changes had not been noticed by us when we were at a greater distance, because they did not affect the general lustre or colour of the zone, or even of large portions of its extent. But now they were perfectly distinct, and each moment growing more marked in character. I do not know how I can better illustrate the nature of the changes taking place in the great equatorial belt, than by comparing its appearance to that of shifting clouds of steam strongly illuminated by concealed fires. The neighbouring belts were equally changeful in aspect; but they presented at all times a much greater depth and variety of colour. It was as though not white steam-clouds, but clouds of coloured gas were illuminated by a continually changing glow. The colours were even more variegated near the planet's poles; though here the changes were less rapid and remarkable. The general blue colour of these regions seemed to be due to the

presence of an overhanging pall of blue vapour, through which from time to time a purplish glow could be recognized in certain spots.

These appearances were so remarkable, and seemed so obviously to belong to the planet itself, and not to be caused by the varying effects of the sun's light, that we determined as we drew near the planet (and when we were already past the inner edge of the dark ring) to circle round Saturn's globe so as to reach its unilluminated side, before passing beneath the planet's atmosphere.

We did so, penetrating into the vast shadow projected by the planet into space. Instead, however, of the black darkness which might have been expected, we found that all the part of the planet which at the moment was turned from the sun, was aglow with a somewhat dull luminosity, like that of fire shining through smoke or vapour. There was no night, and seemingly no rest on the half of the hemisphere turned from the sun. Occasionally, we could even see an intense luminosity spreading over wide regions of the planet's surface, and then presently sinking into a dull glow as of heated metal. This was in the planet's equatorial regions; though at rare intervals a somewhat similar phenomenon could be recognized along other zones. The polar regions alone were dark, save where a very faint and dull luminosity became momentarily apparent. But this light was even fainter than the dull glow constantly manifest over the equatorial and neighbouring zones.

We began to perceive that whatever else of interest we might find in the globe of Saturn, we need certainly not look for living creatures there. It was plain that we were about to visit a region where nature's forces were working too intensely to admit of other and less active forms of force. We became cognizant indeed of another circumstance, which confirmed this impression. As we approached the globe of Saturn, we could perceive that myriads of meteors and small comets were circling close around him, or streaming in upon his surface. They travelled much less swiftly than those which we had seen in the sun's neighbourhood: but still their velocity was enormous, inasmuch that their fall upon the planet or their swift rush through his atmosphere would have sufficed to destroy all living creatures on his globe. But the fiery glow of so large a proportion of Saturn's visible surface, seemed of itself sufficient to show that it could not be inhabited.

When at length we passed within the Saturnian atmosphere,—which extends but a small distance relatively above his visible surface,—we obtained at once the most convincing evidence that he cannot possibly be the abode of life. Immediately a strange uproar surrounded us, less intense but scarcely less appalling than that which prevails within the solar atmosphere. Repeated reverberations seemed to announce either the collision of enormous masses or the occurrence of tremendous volcanic outbursts. But the most characteristic of the noises which greeted us was an intense and persistent hissing, as though steam were rushing from a million outlets at once.

Passing to the illuminated portion of the planet—and remaining on the equatorial zone—we found ourselves still unable to tell whence this hideous noise proceeded. On all sides of us were immense masses and columns of whitish vapour; some rushing violently to vast distances above us, others sinking, others quiescent in position, but rapidly changing in figure. Directing our perceptions towards the depths beneath us, we could recognize no sign of any surface. We passed downwards for hundreds and hundreds of miles, until we had lost the light of the sun, which was replaced by the continually increasing glow of the fires we were approaching. At length, as we passed through a layer of clouds, which could scarcely have been less than twenty thousand miles below what we had regarded as the surface of the planet, we suddenly beheld a scene so startling that we stayed our course as by common consent to gaze upon it. We at length saw the true surface of Saturn. And what a surface! For land and water we saw glowing rock and molten lava. Vast seas of fire, tossed by furious gales whose breath was flame, coruscated with a thousand colours as their condition underwent continual change. Then over a wide extent of those oceans the intense lustre would die out, to be replaced by a dull almost imperceptible glow, where the surface of the fiery ocean was changing into a crust of red-hot rock. But then came fresh disturbance; the crust broke in a thousand places, showing the intensely hot sea beneath. Fragments of red-hot rock, many miles in extent, were tossed hither and thither by the raging sea. Nor were these the only evidences of an intense energy. For from time to time the rush of the hurricanes which raged over the molten oceans was hushed into comparative stillness as volcanic explosions took place, the least of which seemed competent to destroy a world. Enormous volumes of steam and of other imprisoned gases were flung upwards with irresistible force, bursting their way through the overhanging canopy of cloud, and passing to heights where from our present standpoint they were wholly lost to view.

We should have wished, perhaps, under other circumstances to extend our survey over the rest of Saturn's surface; though from what we had already witnessed, we felt well assured that the whole planet is the scene of a turmoil and confusion resembling that now before us. At the poles indeed there is an approach to quiescence, and it would even appear that before many ages are past, the polar Saturnian regions may be fit to be the abode of living creatures. On the other hand, the equatorial zone of Saturn seems to be in a state of abnormal activity; and though this may be in great part due to the intensity of the subterranean forces at work here, and to their partial relief from the action of gravity, yet it seems chiefly to be occasioned by the continual downpour of cometic and meteoric matter over this zone. Even during our short stay the dense atmosphere around and above us was roused more than once into tremendous whirlwinds by the arrival of enormous masses of matter from without. But though local peculiarities of this sort exist, yet, in a general sense, it may be said that the whole bulk of Saturn is instinct with fiery energy, rendering it altogether

unsuited to be the abode of living creatures, or at least of creatures resembling any existing on the earth. If creatures of another kind exist there, we could recognize no sign of their presence. If there are intelligent beings there, their intelligence is not such as human intelligence can communicate with. We agreed that so far as the evidence before us went—and as I have told you our powers of perception were limited—Saturn, like the sun, is altogether uninhabited. It is the scene of an intense physical activity, but no form of vital energy exists there, nor are any of the processes at work there due to the action of any form of intelligence.

We passed from the burning surface of Saturn, through his intensely heated and most perturbed atmosphere, sharing a common sense of regret that our journey had as we thought been fruitless. We had indeed seen much that was wonderful, and much that we had hitherto had no conception of; but we had set out on our voyage with the hope of discovering other living creatures in Saturn, and we had found not only that none such exist, but that this giant orb is altogether unfit to be the abode of life. We agreed, however, to carry out our original plan,—to visit the rings and satellites before returning to the earth. The rings, naturally, received our attention in the first instance.

So soon as we had passed beyond the atmosphere of Saturn, we found that during our stay the planet's swift rotation had carried the region we had been visiting to a considerable distance from the place it had before occupied. We had indeed been only some three hours under the veil of clouds which form the surface of the planet as he appears to terrestrial astronomers. But three hours in Saturn, *at his real surface*, corresponds to nearly half a day on the earth, though observers on the earth (mistaking the cloud-regions for his surface) call his rotation-period ten hours. Accordingly we were at a loss at first to know precisely where we were. And I would note in passing that none should undertake such voyages as ours without a considerable share of astronomical knowledge, lest haply having lost sight of the world they had left, they should be unable to rediscover it. Where we were, there was indeed little risk of this, as the rings and satellites indicated sufficiently the position we were in. We had but to look towards the heavens to see the tiny but brilliant orb which is the sun of Saturn, and at once we knew where Saturn's rotation had carried us.

We now passed to the so-called dark ring. This ring is, however, no darker, in one sense, than the others. The seeming darkness and brightness of the rings are not at all due to the darkness or brightness of the matter composing them. The fact really is, that the dark ring consists of a number of very small bodies, all travelling nearly in the same level, and so widely scattered that one can see through the ring the deep blue background of the sky. This deep blue background, combined with the yellowish red light which these bodies reflect, produces the purplish brown colour which terrestrial telescopists recognize in this ring.

But when we reached the ring we found that the small satellites are immersed in a vaporous envelope, not forming atmospheres for the

satellites severally, but constituting a somewhat flattened ring of vapour through which they travel. They actually carry with them, however, considerable masses of this vapour; and hence some very remarkable effects follow. For though the satellites are severally minute, their vapour-coats extend pretty widely, and thus, though collisions rarely occur in this ring between the actual satellites, their vaporous envelopes are continually encountering, so that the general atmospheric ring is loaded with detached vaporous masses which only diffuse themselves very gradually into the surrounding and much rarer atmosphere.

When we actually entered this atmosphere, we found that a noise as of a mighty whirlwind continually prevails within it, while, from time to time, thunderous reverberations are heard which echo and re-echo as though they would never cease. We were at some loss to conceive the cause of this tumult, since we could perceive that collisions between satellites were few and far between. Nor, indeed, were such collisions of a nature to cause any such uproar as occasionally arose. For it was worthy of notice that all the satellites were travelling the same way round, though not in perfectly circular paths,—so that there were no direct encounters. All that happened was that, from time to time, a tiny satellite would overtake another and come into contact with it. And even such collisions seemed to be softened by the atmospheric surroundings of these bodies.

But as we traversed the width of the dark ring and approached the main edge of the great bright ring, we perceived that one atmosphere envelopes the whole of the ring system, inasmuch that collisions taking place in one part of the system are audible in other parts. Now the bright rings consist, like the dark ring, of millions of minute satellites, but these are spread much more densely. Rising for a few moments out of the atmosphere of the rings we could perceive that the dark background of sky was readily discernible through even the brightest part of the ring; and passing down again through the atmosphere and so beyond to the other side of the ring, on which the sun was not shining, we found that not only could the dark background of sky be perceived, but that it was possible to recognize the constellations through the Saturnian rings! But although it may be conceived from this circumstance that the satellites composing even the brightest parts of the rings are not very closely set, yet collisions are very numerous in the brighter zones of the rings. When we were passing through one of these zones the reverberations were almost continuous, and were at times so tremendous that we could readily understand their being audible even in the dark ring, ten thousand miles away.

In passing, I must not omit to notice a circumstance which struck us as interesting. When we passed through the rings to a great height above their level, we would readily trace the motions of the satellites composing the rings. But as we approached the level of the rings again, the rapidity of these motions prevented us from discerning the separate satellites, unless we chose to follow their course. When we remained still, they flashed past in such sort as to cause the ring to assume the appearance

of a net-work of bright streaks, of greater or less length according to the greater or less rapidity with which the particular satellite producing any streak was moving. The continual change of appearance of this net-work as the several streaks shifted, was one of the most beautiful sights I ever remember to have witnessed. It reminded us in some degree of the appearance presented when a calm sea is traversed by series of cross-ripples, whose sun-illuminated crests form a shifting network of light.

After traversing the width of the inner bright ring, we reached the so-called gap between the rings. But this is no real division. It is very similar indeed to the dark ring, and only appears darker than the neighbouring rings because it is occupied by few satellites, whereas they are formed of many. It is remarkable, however, that during the time of our stay in this part of the ring-system, we did not perceive a single satellite within it whose course was parallel to the sides (or, if one may so speak, the shores) of the dark ring; every satellite we saw passed from the inner bright ring outwards or from the outer bright ring inwards; and moreover, every such satellite returned to the ring from which it had come—not one passing athwart the whole breadth of the dark region.

We passed through the outer bright ring, noticing nothing that in any remarkable degree distinguished it from the inner bright ring. In both these rings the satellites showed a tendency to travel in long flights, so as to form as it were subordinate rings, or rather parts of rings, for these flights nowhere extended more than a few thousand miles in length.

All the most interesting part of our voyage was now as we supposed past. We had only to pay a hasty visit to each of Saturn's eight satellites, and then to return, heartily disappointed, so far as our main object was concerned, to the world we had left in such high hope.

As Mimas, the innermost satellite, was close by the part of the ring-system we had now reached, we passed over at once to this small orb.

Prepared to find in Mimas a miniature moon, even less interesting than it might otherwise have been, because we knew now that it could serve no useful part to living creatures in Saturn, our amazement will be conceived when we discovered as we approached that Mimas is a miniature world. We saw before us land and water; we could perceive clouds floating in the Mimasian air; and presently as we passed the confines of this air, we began to hear the sounds of busy life. Descending through a cloud veil which hid from our view the land and water immediately beneath us, we saw at length the beings of another world!

At first all was perplexing to us. We perceived living creatures utterly unlike any with which we had hitherto been familiar. They were busy in their several ways, but the nature of their ways and the object of their actions we could not comprehend. It would only confuse those whom this narrative will reach to describe all that we saw, or to attempt to explain how what we saw became gradually intelligible to us. The forms of life are probably almost as numerous in Mimas as on the earth; and the relations between the several orders of living creatures are as interesting

and as complicated. It would require a whole treatise to present aright all that a Huxley or an Owen in Mimas could teach about the living creatures which exist there. It is clear that to convey accurate ideas respecting the whole economy of another world would be quite impossible, unless those to whom we commit this narrative were prepared to devote a whole volume to such matters.

But certain circumstances may be related, as likely to prove interesting to the inhabitants of another world.

The Mimasians are somewhat smaller than men, but like men, they carry the head erect, and have four chief limbs, two upper and two lower, the latter chiefly used in progression. The trunk is shorter in proportion to the total height, and the frame appears to be more muscular and powerful. It is difficult, however, to form a judgment on this point, because the circumstances under which these beings live are altogether unlike those which prevail on the earth. Indeed, so soon as we had learned that Mimas is inhabited, we expected to find the creatures living here either gigantic in stature or else of surpassing agility, simply because we knew that Mimasian gravitation must be very much less energetic than the attraction of gravity on the earth. But we found none of them to exceed in dimensions the creatures most nearly corresponding to them on the earth; while there is nothing very remarkable about the activity of any Mimasian animals. It would seem likely that the question of actual strength and activity depends quite as much on other circumstances as on those which have usually been considered by writers on the subject of other worlds. We thought, for instance, we could recognize in the slowness of respiration among the Mimasians, in the small quantity of air drawn in at each respiration, and in the relative rarity of their air, sufficient reasons for the small degree of activity which they displayed under conditions which would enable men to spring with ease to thrice their own height.

But it was in the configuration of the head that these beings were most markedly distinguished from the human race. The ears are large and quite round, somewhat resembling conch-shells, and capable of changing in shape so as to gather in a greater or smaller quantity of sound as the Mimasian may desire. But the most remarkable feature of the Mimasian face consists of two orbits immediately above the large eye-orbits, and occupied by a series of delicate thread-like appendages radially arranged. For a long time we were quite unable to understand what this feature might signify, especially as the Mimasian animals exhibit a like peculiarity, though with characteristic differences of structure. We found at length, however, that the feature represents a sixth sense possessed by the Mimasians, and bearing the same relation to heat which eyesight bears to light. By means of this peculiar sense the Mimasian can as readily distinguish the shape of objects which approach him, as a man can tell the shape of an object lying within the range of his vision. But the sense enables the Mimasian to ascertain more than the mere shape of objects,

for while his eyesight enables him to distinguish the appearance of objects, this sixth sense tells him of their constitution and physical condition. It is also as available in the darkest Mimasian night as in full day.

The axis of Mimas being inclined as well to the level in which Saturn travels as to the plane of the ring-system (in which plane, as you are aware, Mimas circles), they have two chief seasonal influences. During the long Mimasian year (the same, of course, as the Saturnian) the sun's midday altitude changes much as on the earth; only the four quarters of the year are each rather more than seven of our years in length. But these changes do not greatly affect the Mimasians, though they commonly live some ten or twelve years, that is from about 300 to about 350 of our years. (X. supposes their remarkable longevity to be due to the slowness and limited extent of their respiration.) Their chief season-ruler is Saturn himself, who supplies them with an enormous amount of heat. Indeed, the heat supplied by Saturn is so great that (as we afterwards learned) the inhabitants of Tethys, Dione, and Rhea hold life to be impossible not only in Mimas but in Enceladus, the next in order of distance from Saturn. It will be understood how important a part the heat of Saturn plays in the economy of Mimas, when I mention that he looks about nine hundred times as large as the sun appears to us. He does not indeed shine very conspicuously; the light he gives being such as I have already described in speaking of our approach to his globe. But the Mimasians have to shade their heat-eyes (so to name the feature already mentioned) when the vast orb of Saturn is in the fulness of his meridian heat-glow. Particularly is this the case when he is high above the horizon, at this heat-noon. For, owing to the inclination of the axis of Mimas to the plane in which this world travels round Saturn, the orb of the latter has a variable course on the Mimasian sky. Most perplexing are the relations thus presented. For Mimas turns once on its axis in about six hours, and travels once round Saturn in something short of twenty-three hours; so that even while Saturn is passing across the Mimasian sky, he can be seen to traverse a large space among the stars. X., who, as you know, is well versed in terrestrial astronomy, expressed the opinion that Mimasian astronomy must be difficult to master.

However, the Mimasians, though good observers (their instruments I shall describe on another occasion), have as yet very imperfect ideas respecting astronomical subjects. They suppose Mimas to be the centre of the universe; and though some of the more travelled Mimasians maintain that Mimas is either a globe or a cylinder in shape, yet the majority conceive that its surface is quite flat.

The ring of Saturn presents a very remarkable appearance in the Mimasian sky. It extends over an enormous arc, insomuch that in certain Mimasian latitudes when one end (or what looks like one end) of the ring-system is on the horizon, the other is overhead. The satellites composing the ring are not discernible from Mimas; and as the ring where it crosses the globe of Saturn cuts off a portion of his heat,—which they

recognize with their heat-eyes just as accurately as we should recognize the eclipse of a portion of the sun,—they call the ring the “cool zone.” Some of them very positively maintained, until of late, that the ring is a phenomenon of the Mimasian atmosphere! These ill-advised astronomers have been shown to be mistaken, however; and it is now admitted by all that the ring is an appendage of Saturn.

I must leave to another occasion a fuller description of what we saw and learned in Mimas. It will be as well also that for the present I should say nothing respecting the creatures which inhabit Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, and Japetus, for already this account has extended to a sufficient length. Let it be sufficient for the present to remark that all these satellites are inhabited, and that the peculiarities which distinguish their inhabitants from each other and from those of Mimas, are as remarkable as those which distinguish Mimasian creatures from the inhabitants of the earth.

Hyperion, which terrestrial astronomers regard as a satellite travelling between the orbits of Titan and Japetus,—the giants of Saturn's satellite family,—is not an inhabited world. It is, indeed, but the largest of a ring of satellites travelling between Titan and Japetus, and bearing somewhat the same relation to the remaining seven satellites that the ring of asteroids bears to the primary planets of the solar system.

It will interest you also to learn that both Titan and Japetus are attended by small moons,—Titan by three, Japetus by five. These orbs, though exceedingly small by comparison with even the least of the Saturnian satellites, yet reflect a considerable amount of light to their respective primaries; for they travel on orbits of very limited extent, and thus appear large. The nearest of Titan's moons, for instance, appears about seven times as large as our moon; yet it is not more than 230 miles in diameter. The inhabitants of Titan are persuaded that their moons are the abode of living creatures, but this is not the case.

---

## The Song of Theodolinda.

---

### I.

QUEEN THEODOLIND has built  
 In the earth a furnace-bed :  
 There the Traitor Nail that spilt  
 Blood of the anointed Head,  
 Red of heat, resolves in shame :  
 White of heat, awakes to flame.  
     Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat !

### II.

Mark the skeleton of fire  
 Lightening from its thunder-roof :  
 So comes this that saw expire  
 Him we love, for our behoof !  
 Red of heat, O white of heat,  
 This from off the Cross we greet.  
     Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat !

### III.

Brown-cowled hammermen around  
 Nerve their naked arms to strike  
 Death with Resurrection crowned  
 Each upon that cruel spike.  
 Red of heat the furnace leaps,  
 White of heat transfigured sleeps.  
     Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat !

### IV.

Hard against the furnace core  
 Holds the Queen her streaming eyes :  
 Lo ! that thing of piteous gore  
 In the lap of radiance lies,  
 Red of heat, as when He takes,  
 White of heat, whom earth forsakes.  
     Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat !

## V.

Forth with it, and ring amain  
 Iron hymns, for men to hear  
 Echoes of the deeds that stain  
 Earth into its graves, and fear!  
 Red of heat, He maketh thus,  
 White of heat, a crown of us.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## VI.

This that killed Thee, kissed Thee, Lord!  
 Touched Thee, and we touch it: dear,  
 Dark it is; adored, abhorred:  
 Vilest, yet most sainted here.  
 Red of heat, O white of heat,  
 In it Hell and Heaven meet.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## VII.

I behold our morning day  
 When they chased Him out with rods  
 Up to where this traitor lay  
 Thirsting; and the blood was God's!  
 Red of heat, it shall be pressed,  
 White of heat, once on my breast!  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## VIII.

Quick! the reptile in me shrieks,  
 Not the soul. Again; the Cross  
 Burn there. Oh! this pain it wreaks  
 Rapture is: pain is not loss.  
 Red of heat, the tooth of Death,  
 White of heat, has caught my breath.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## IX.

Brand me, bite me, bitter thing!  
 Thus He felt, and thus I am  
 One with Him in suffering,  
 One with Him in bliss, the Lamb.  
 Red of heat, O white of heat,  
 Thus is bitterness made sweet.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## X.

Now am I, who bear that stamp  
 Scorched in me, the living sign  
 Sole on earth, the lighted lamp  
 Of the dreadful day divine.  
 White of heat, beat on it fast!  
 Red of heat, its shape has passed.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XI.

Out in angry sparks they fly,  
 They that sentenced Him to bleed:  
 Pontius and his troop: they die,  
 Damned for ever for the deed!  
 White of heat in vain they soar:  
 Red of heat they strew the floor.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XII.

Fury on it! have its debt!  
 Thunder on the Hill accurst,  
 Golgotha, be ye! and sweat  
 Blood, and thirst the Passion's thirst.  
 Red of heat and white of heat,  
 Champ it like fierce teeth that eat.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XIII.

Strike it as the ages crush  
 Towers! for while a shape is seen  
 I am rivalled. Quench its blush,  
 Devil! But it crowns me Queen,  
 Red of heat, as none before,  
 White of heat, the circlet wore.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XIV.

Lowly I will be, and quail,  
 Crawling, with a beggar's hand:  
 On my breast the branded Nail,  
 On my head the iron band.  
 Red of heat, are none so base!  
 White of heat, none know such grace!  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XV.

In their Heaven the sainted hosts,  
 Robed in violet unflecked,  
 Gaze on humankind as ghosts :  
 I draw down a ray direct.  
 Red of heat, across my brow,  
 White of heat, I touch Him now.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XVI.

Robed in violet, robed in gold,  
 Robed in pearl, they make our dawn.  
 What am I to them? Behold  
 What ye are to me, and fawn.  
 Red of heat, be humble, ye!  
 White of heat, O teach it me!  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XVII.

Martyrs! hungry peaks in air,  
 Rent with lightnings, clad with snow,  
 Crowned with stars! you strip me bare,  
 Pierce me, shame me, stretch me low.  
 Red of heat, but it may be,  
 White of heat, some envy me!  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XVIII.

O poor enviers! God's own gifts  
 Have a devil for the weak.  
 Yea, the very force that lifts  
 Finds the vessel's secret leak.  
 Red of heat, I rise o'er all:  
 White of heat, I faint, I fall.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XIX.

Those old Martyrs sloughed their pride,  
 Taking humbleness like mirth.  
 I am to His Glory tied,  
 I that witness Him on earth!  
 Red of heat, my pride of dust,  
 White of heat, feeds fire of trust.  
     Beat, beat! white of heat,  
     Red of heat, beat, beat!

## XX.

Kindle me to constant fire,  
Lest the nail be but a nail !  
Give me wings of great desire,  
Lest I look within, and fail !  
Red of heat, the furnace light,  
White of heat, fix on my sight.  
Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
Red of heat, beat, beat !

## XXI.

Never for the Chosen peace !  
Know, by me tormented know,  
Never shall the wrestling cease  
Till with our outlasting Foe,  
Red of heat to white of heat,  
Roll we to the Godhead's feet !  
Beat, beat ! white of heat,  
Red of heat, beat, beat !

## XXII.

Red of heat the firebrands die.  
White of heat the ashes lie.

---

*Note.*—The legend of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, formed of a nail of the true Cross by order of the devout Queen Theodolinda, is well known. In the above dramatic song she is seen passing through one of the higher temptations of the believing Christian.

---

## Mademoiselle Viviane :

THE STORY OF A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

### I.

THERE was a full gathering of relatives and intimate friends at the house of Monsieur le Président de Barre, Chief Judge of the Imperial Court of M——. The glass chandeliers were lighted, the housings had been removed from the furniture in the yellow drawing-room, and preparations had been a-foot two days in the kitchen, in view of the supper. The occasion was indeed an important one. Mademoiselle Viviane de Barre, the Judge's only child and heiress, was to be formally introduced to her future husband, M. de Niel.

All the preliminaries of this solemnity had been conducted after the old and approved method. At ten years of age Mdle. Viviane had been sent to a convent; at seventeen she had been withdrawn thence. At seventeen and a half she was known in the best society of M—— as a young lady who would have five hundred thousand francs for her dower; who was religious, beautiful, and who sang well. At eighteen, twenty suitors had already solicited of her parents the honour of becoming her husband. At eighteen and a half the Judge and Madame de Barre, being of opinion that it was time some choice should be made, had called their friend and spiritual adviser, M. l'Abbé Béghin, into council, and between the three it had been settled that the most eligible suitor of all was M. Charles de Niel, who had not done his courtship in person, who had in fact never seen Mdle. Viviane; but who was the son of M. le Président de Niel, Chief Judge in the neighbouring town of A——, bore a name rendered honourable by a long line of judicial ancestors, possessed three hundred thousand francs of his own, was steady, laborious, and of pious education, held the office of Deputy Public Prosecutor in the town of T——, and would, no doubt, owing to his own merit and to his influential connections, but chiefly the latter, rise in time to the highest post in the magistracy. It was Charles de Niel's own father who had proposed the match to President de Barre, and the match was thought a good match by all who were competent to pronounce an opinion on such a subject.

The only two interested persons who had not been consulted were those whom perhaps the negotiations most concerned, that is, M. Charles and Mdle. Viviane themselves. When everything had been arranged, President de Niel had said to his son that it was fitting he should marry, and that on a certain day and at a stated hour he would present him to a young lady who, he was persuaded, would make him a good wife—to

which Charles de Niel had answered, "Yes, sir," with the usual submissive respect of well-bred French sons towards their fathers, and without the smallest indication of a wish or a thought to choose his own wife for himself. On her side, Madame de Barre had said nothing whatever to her daughter, but, on the evening of the proposed introduction, she had superintended Mdlle. Viviane's dressing in person, had recommended plainness—that is, simple muslin, with a tea-rose in the hair, and a pale blue sash with long ends round the waist; and when she had satisfied herself that her daughter looked as gracefully modest as it becomes a legal dignitary's wife to be, she had accompanied her to the drawing-room with a mother's invariable conviction that Mdlle. Viviane knew nothing at all of what was going to happen. To those who have any knowledge of ladies, however, it is needless to remark that Mdlle. Viviane was as well acquainted with all the details of the impending comedy, possessed the name of her suitor, and was as conversant with the history of his life, means, character, and prospects, as if the particulars had been supplied to her in a printed book, with an appendix of notes at the end. It might be interesting to speculate how it is that young ladies always become familiar with affairs intended to be kept a secret from them; but one had better confine oneself to making mention of the fact without seeking to fathom it.

The date was the month of July, 1870, and as M—— was a large city, the number of people who claimed to be the friends of a Chief Judge held in high esteem by all the authorities of the Empire, was considerable. By ten o'clock in the evening all the rooms of President de Barre's by no means small mansion were crowded. Madame de Barre had not taken any one into her confidence; but everybody guessed what was in the wind, for the mere circumstance of the President's wife giving a large party, with a dance and supper, at a season of the year when such entertainments are not usual (in France), was proof enough that something was preparing; and what more natural than that something should be the betrothal of Mdlle. Viviane to the gentleman who had been fortunate enough to prevail over all the other suitors? So the friends, as they trooped up the wide staircase of the Judge's staidly but richly furnished house, evinced some curiosity to see who the lucky man would be. The rejected candidates were watchful to look how Mdlle. Viviane would bear herself under her prospective change of condition; and the feminine relatives of these rejected candidates—mothers, aunts, and pet sisters—persuaded that no good could come of having ignored the qualities of their respective paragons, hoped sincerely that prosperity might attend the marriage, but were afraid not.

This was especially the sentiment among the most intimate friends of all. These were assembled in an inner drawing-room, where they petted Mdlle. Viviane, smiled to her as she handed them tea, admired her albums of drawings, stroked her cat, and gave her recipes to cure a very bad cold with which her canary was afflicted. The blandishments were adroit and

unceasing ; but they were probably lavished in an inverse ratio to the real feelings of the donors, for, excepting an honest general and his wife, who, having no children of their own, were free to be indifferent as to what other people did with theirs, there was scarcely an intimate friend in the room but had reason to feel sore at Mdlle. Viviane's rumoured engagement. Some were sore in their capacity of disappointed relatives ; others simply as amateur match-makers ; but most felt sore in some way. There was Madame de Corbot, wife of the Public Prosecutor of M——, and an old school-friend of Madame de Barre, who had hoped that Viviane would become her son's wife, and had gone through heaven knows what amount of family diplomacy to attain this end ; Madame Surpleix, sister to the Bishop, who had looked upon it as a thing preordained of Heaven that her own son was to be the favoured man ; Madame de Diamantelle, wife of one of the departmental members, who had intrigued on behalf of a young cousin of hers whose welfare she had at heart ; M. Poignfermaye, the Prefect, who had manœuvred for himself, and several others whose disappointment now was none the less genuine from being concealed or gauzed over.

When a young lady, having half a million francs for her portion, as much more under form of "expectations," and a powerfully connected family, marries, she casts bitterness and perturbation into a large number of circles. All who had ventured to build castles in the air at her expense feel that they have a right to consider themselves in some way aggrieved, and, whether they have the right or no, they take it. The only real consolation which Mdlle. Viviane's intimate friends could find was that perhaps her betrothed might turn out unworthy ; that this should be discovered before the contract was signed ; and that, the match being broken off, the lists should be open anew to all comers. This, of course, they hoped, not for their own sakes, but for poor Viviane's, the dear child !

At ten o'clock the lucky suitor, of whom so many minds were sketching fancy portraits charitably coloured, had not yet arrived ; but there was nothing to wonder at in this, for the town of A—— was distant some two hours by rail from M——, and President de Niel had written to say that he could only leave with his son after the rising of his court in the evening. He purposed doing no more than introduce his son and then return ; but M. Charles de Niel had obtained a week's leave from the Public Prosecutor of T——, whose deputy he was, and would stay a week, seeing Mdlle. de Niel once every day during that time, and proposing to her in form on the seventh day. All this had been arranged beforehand, and Madame de Barre could therefore wait without impatience. She busied herself about her guests, set the dances going in the large rooms, and organized whist-tables in the smaller apartments for such as loved that game. Towards half-past ten, however, when the second quadrille was on, and when the whist had rather thinned the inner sanctum where the intimates had congregated, the major-domo glided softly to the door and announced, "Monsieur le Président de Niel, Monsieur Charles de Niel."

There was an immediate hush, for though Madame de Barre had kept her counsel wonderfully well for a lady, it darted by instinct through everybody's mind that this must be the chosen man. The father and son entered, looking like duplicate copies of the same picture, etched, the one in grey, the other in black. They were both irreproachably dressed, and the Judge wore round his neck the scarlet collar of the Legion of Honour Commandership. He walked up to Madame de Barre, raised her hand to his lips with the grave courtesy of old times, and, in words slightly ceremonious but agreeable to hear, because evidently natural to the speaker, begged leave to introduce his son. Then he stood, and seemed to be seeking for Mdlle. Viviane, who was at another end of the room, patiently inserting slides into a stereoscope for an old lady who pretended to see and admire, but could do no such thing. A glance from her mother brought Viviane to where the gentlemen were standing. Her manner was collected, equally free from forwardness and timidity. The Judge paid her a paternal, courtly, and very sincere compliment on her beauty, then added, smiling : " Your parents and I, Mademoiselle, have been fast friends for many years. It would gladden me if our friendship could become hereditary; this is my son Charles de Niel;" and he rather solemnly ushered Charles forward.

She curtsied in return to the young man's deep bow, but said nothing; it was, in fact, not necessary that she should speak yet. The Judge turned to shake hands with President de Barre, who was grey like himself, be-collared like himself, and encased in that same smileless dignity which French judges study to wear until it fits them like a second nature. The two, after a few words of greeting incidental to the presentation of M. Charles to the Judge, soon strolled away with their hands behind their backs, and in amicable converse; and Charles de Niel was left standing alone by the two ladies. During a quarter of a minute—but one of those quarters of a minute that constitute an age for the intensity of the emotions they comprise, and for the ulterior consequences they store up,—he could not take his eyes off Viviane, though he tried.

She was, in all truth, a splendid creature, of a beauty lustrous and warm as the sunny climate of Provence, where she was born, and with eyes so teeming with expression that they seemed to shed light like precious stones. Her complexion was not white, but of that creamy shade called *bistre*, which passion can deepen to a ruddy glow; and the colour of her lips was a rich, moist, crimson, which, had she been an actress, would have made her despise the most scarlet rouge as too pink. The folds and waves of her hair clustered so abundantly that when let down they must have fallen to below her waist—silky, raven hair it was, and full of life and suppleness like all else about her. Judging merely by her age, it might have been said that she was too maturely developed, for she looked rather like a young woman than a girl; but all her movements were young, virgin-like, strong, and fascinating. No wonder that a man should find it difficult to take his eyes off her, and feel his heart throb

at the thought that she was to be his ; for hers was the grace and beauty of innate queenship, and Charles de Niel in particular was one of those men on whom such beauty produces the most sudden and subjugating effects. Tall, thin and pale, with the pallor of overwork, he had not the face or expression of genius, but looked simply a studious, scholarly young man, who has entered his profession with the hope of rising in it, and sets his ambition for the present on discharging his duties conscientiously. His hair was short, lank, and parted at the side ; he was shaved, all but a little sparse whisker laboriously cultivated ; he carried himself confidently, though with a little stiffness ; and there was an air of rather starched dignity on his features, which came from his trying to give himself a look of magisterial gravity not quite suited to his years. When he took his eyes off Viviane, however, there was no longer the same expression on his countenance which had been there before. It was the difference between the block of marble when it leaves the statuary's hands, with lineaments hardly sketched, and the same block when it has received the artist's final touch. Charles de Niel had, in a few instants, had life breathed into him.

After the commonplaces which are inevitable on such occasions, and which served to convince excellent Madame de Barre (who resembled her daughter but distantly, as a withered rose resembles a live one) that her future son-in-law was all that M. l'Abbé Béghin, his old tutor, had described, Charles de Niel asked Viviane if she danced. Her mother motioned to her to say yes, but even before she could have caught the sign, she had given that answer of her own accord ; and then Charles first heard her voice—a voice singularly musical, yet not shy—it was indeed a little firm he could not help thinking. It is not quite consonant with etiquette for a Public Prosecutor's deputy to dance, but this was a sort of private party ; and then the sweet, dreamy *Valse de Roses*, which was being played, had acted as a stimulant on him, so that for the first time in his life he would have defied any etiquette on the globe's surface as he led out Viviane among the throng of guests who parted to make a way for them. He encircled her with his arm, and the perfume of her hair, the touch of her hand, the balmy breath of her lips, which came and went faster with the rapidity of the whirl, completed the intoxication which the mere sight of her had begun. When the music ceased, he fancied he had not been waltzing more than a couple of seconds, and cast an impatient glance at the musicians' corner, as if these men were not toiling enough for their money. However, this being a dance and not a ball, it happened very fortunately for him that at the moment when the musicians stopped, supper was announced. He had then the right to escort Viviane into the supper-room if she pleased. She did not refuse ; on the contrary, it filled him with delight to see that she accepted his escort willingly, and that she even seemed desirous of drawing him into conversation.

The rejected suitors, intimate friends, and others who had fixed glances of more or less benevolence on the young couple whilst they were dancing, did not lose sight of them amid the knife-and-fork fray of supper,

and more than one pair of eyes, after guiding their owners to where the creature comforts were set out, resumed their functions of vigilance, loth to surrender the sweet hope that Mlle. Viviane's accepted lover might prove less satisfactory to herself and her parents in the end than had been originally contemplated. But the young magistrate, who was unaware that anybody had an interest in surveying, much less in criticizing, his movements, conducted Viviane to a part of the room where he thought she would be most comfortable, and began catering for her with an assiduity which surprised himself from its energy and readiness. The supper was laid out on the sensible plan of little tables for parties of two, four, or six. He monopolized one of the smallest, and brought to it all he could find that was good, not excepting a bottle of champagne, which he set on the table in its silvered pail of ice, and from which he filled Viviane's glass and his own, wondering of what all this junketing could remind him—though, poor fellow! it reminded him of nothing, for, being a bookworm by habit and vocation, he had never taken part in anything like it before. It is certain that, if some of the thieves, inebriates, and others against whom the Deputy Prosecutor had been inveighing in court with all a neophyte's austerity but a few hours before, had beheld him sitting there with such keen enjoyment of the new happiness that had invaded his life, they would have marvelled at his brazenness in telling them that unremitting labour was the sole secret of contentment. His contentment, indeed, beamed from all his features, and lent them the animation which is the livery of happiness. He smiled, forgot that he was a censor of the sins of men, discarded the measured tones to which he had schooled his voice, and, when he had helped Viviane to some of the dainties he had collected, dipped his lips in wine, and summoned up all the resources of his fresh-stirred spirits, his new-born hopes, and his wit—for most men are witty in such moments—to dazzle and please the girl.

But, just as he was looking up to make some glad, merry remark about the gaiety of the scene around them—for the music in the next room had begun again, and the ebb and flow of bright dresses, the jingling of plate, and the popping of corks seemed all to be going on to tune—an unlooked-for thing occurred to him: he caught her eyes fastened on him with a deep, odd expression of curious scrutiny. It was a very odd glance. Somehow he had had a vague feeling that she had looked at him in this way more than once before—whilst they were dancing, whilst he was running about to set the things on their table, and again whilst he was talking; but he had dismissed the idea, thinking it must be an illusion. Now, however, there was no illusion. Though she lowered her glance at once on being detected, he had not missed the singular expression of it—a blending of irresolution, pity, and something like menace—one of those glances which he himself occasionally rested on a prisoner when doubtful whether he had some redeeming point which might plead in his favour, or whether he might be sacrificed without remorse. This was the kind of glance, and it nipped the remark he was going to make short on his lips.

There was a moment's silence, during which he reflected that she had only answered him as yet in monosyllables, and that, although she had seemed eager enough for his company, her few smiles to him had all been forced. Then, being at a loss to understand why this should be, he recurred to his first belief that he must be mistaken—that it was the gas or something that had deceived him. He looked up again, saw that she was smiling a graceful friendly smile to a girl acquaintance at a neighbouring table, and, confirmed by this in his mistrust of his own eyesight, he said, lightly, "What tricks our fancy can play us. Do you know, I was thinking a moment ago that you looked at me like a judge," and he laughed.

"Like a judge!" she echoed; and again the gas, or whatever it was, must have played him false, for he thought she darted at him a glance rapid and piercing as steel.

"You are not eating," he remarked, observing this with some concern.

"Thank you," she answered. "I am not quite used to late suppers; but I will take an ice."

He gave her an ice, and she ate or pretended to eat, though it looked as if her doing so were mainly to oblige him. Soon she said, in her soft, clear, and grave voice: "You were saying, 'like a judge.' Have judges, then, a look different to other people's?" and she laughed, too, but a constrained laugh.

"On occasions," he replied, glad to be questioned by her.

"What occasions, for instance?" she inquired, toying with her spoon.

"I mean there are times when a judge feels doubt as to the extent of an accused man's guilt. He tries then to probe deeper than the man's countenance, into his heart."

"And what is a judge's notion of a guiltless heart?" she asked, with fixed attention.

Men generally like to be interrogated on professional matters. If Charles de Niel had been a paradoxist, he would have answered that people are all bad alike; that the only difference is that some are brought to book for their sins, whilst others remain unsuspected; and that, by striking an accused man with all one's might, without pausing to weigh the blow, one may be sure of having punished a culprit, whether the man be guilty of the particular offence ascribed to him or not. But the young Deputy Prosecutor was not addicted to social theories, and he replied with the seriousness of one whose maxims as to guilt are quite plain and traditional: "Men who have led an honest and laborious life for a certain number of years may be drawn into crime by the pressure of want, anger, or ignorance; and I would deal leniently with these if they show themselves ashamed of their guilt, that is, do not set up an excuse for their offences. The worst kind of culprits are those who try to throw the responsibility of their crimes on society. I have had to do with prisoners

of this sort, and I have always been merciless to them, notwithstanding that some were men who had performed courageous and disinterested actions at times, and were capable of doing so again."

"And yet," remarked she, with something like a suppressed flash in her eyes, "a courageous or disinterested act must come from a heart intrinsically nobler than that of a man who has never done anything but live ploddingly in selfishness."

"No," said he, speaking this time with the precision of a man who is arguing a point with one of his own cloth; "you may trace an act of courage or generosity to vanity, which is only abstract selfishness, or to a passing impulse bred of animal pity, love, or excitement: you cannot trace years of plodding, that is, honest, hard-working life, to anything but a clear, sound mind. And a clear mind argues a well-ordered heart. If a man have so conquered his passions as to become a machine working regularly, uncomplainingly, patiently, from a sense of duty, I take it he is a more worthy character, even though he have yielded to temptation once, than the brilliant law-breaker who would often find it difficult to explain why he did this or that good deed, but has a whole faggot of theories ready cut and dried to explain how he became a criminal."

"Then dead-level is your ideal?" she asked, in a voice which was searching rather than contemptuous.

"Yes," he answered very decidedly. He had not touched any of the delicacies with which he had piled the table, but was tracing triangles on his plate with his knife's point. He seemed absorbed. "Ah, Mademoiselle," he added, with a short sigh, "there is more warmth in some of those dead-level characters than you appear to think: a plain is not flowerless from being flat, nor a pool shallow because its surface is unruffled. Let me give you a case with which I had to deal professionally not two months ago. There was a workman at T—— who led a plodding life in every sense of that term. He worked hard from morning to night and was not much liked by other workmen, for he was never seen to spend a sou on anybody but himself, and would never join his companions in any of their drinking-bouts. They said too that he was sulky. Well, his object was to save money enough to marry a factory-girl. One day he learned that a brother workman of his, who was much handsomer, more intelligent, gayer, and more open-handed than himself, was courting this same girl. She had plighted her troth to him, the plodding workman, and his rival knew it, but it was part of his gaiety to think that if he could win the girl away from his comrade it would be fair sport. The plodder waited for him one night at a street corner and split his head open with a wood-cleaver. I am not defending the man, for I delivered the speech which sent him to the scaffold, but I could not help thinking, on reading of his execution, that perhaps the real culprit was the man who had been murdered, or (his voice deepened a little)—the girl."

Viviane turned very pale. She cast another rapid and hesitating

glance at Charles de Niel over her fan which she was fluttering ; and for a moment a battle appeared to rage within her. Then she rose and said quickly : "Monsieur de Niel, I must speak to you at once in private. The library beyond the conservatory there is empty. We shall be alone in it."

He rose too, feeling a surprise which it would be useless trying to depict. He gave her his arm and worked her a passage through the supper throng. One must have heard a well-bred Frenchman's estimate of what is becoming in a young girl, to understand the stupefaction, amounting to dismay, of the young official, as he followed Viviane, rather than led her, through the ball-room and conservatory. Her curious interrogatories at supper he had not so much noticed ; but now, taking that in connection with the strange glances she had cast him, and with her entirely unexpected request, it quite staggered him at no time very imaginative mind. They were not long reaching the library, and when there, she came at once to what she had to say, not losing a moment. Standing on the hearthrug and fronting him, with her face flushed, her bosom heaving, and her eyes fixed on his with emotion and excitement, "Monsieur de Niel," she began, "I believe you have come with the intention of offering me your hand."

"Yes," he stammered, feeling his heart shrink, as if from fear of a blow.

"Well, let me tell you frankly,"—she made a gesture of entreaty with her hand at seeing his features blanch,—“let me tell you that I can never be your wife. Oh, I will explain everything to you without reserve,” added she, speaking quicker, but sinking into a chair. “I will speak to you as if you were my confessor. I can trust in your honour, I feel, but even if my secret were disclosed, it could have no effect on my determination.” She paused an instant. “This is what I have to say : I was brought up at a convent ; every word I heard there was meant to teach me that honesty should be the rule of life. I was told to worship truth, to respect people, not according to their wealth but their goodness, to believe that there are eternal punishments in store for those who act or utter lies. When I was home for the holidays they took me to church ; I went to confession ; my mother, who is pious in the estimation of the world, gave me the lives of the saints to read, impressed upon me that I must take pattern by them, and that there is no happiness possible without religion. All this lasted so long as I was a child, and I may say that the nun who chiefly taught me at the convent was a model herself of all the virtues she enjoined. Heaven must be peopled with such women if there is a Heaven ; God knows how much I loved and admired her, and how I vowed to take her for an example when I should go out into the world ! I was seventeen when I left the convent. To tell you of my illusions, of my belief in the goodness of all the persons with whom I was brought into contact is more than I dare do, for I pity myself when I think of it. I will only say that the trust I put in my parents was

something beyond the strength of sentiments one can define. It was holy, intense, a thing of every day and hour. I was convinced that no thought that was not pure, beautiful, and good could cross my mother's mind ; my father was in my eyes the noblest and most virtuous of men. Do you know, M. de Niel, I have sometimes asked myself which is the acutest of all known griefs, and I think it is that of finding one's confidence shaken in those we have loved—as I loved my father and mother ? ”

She smiled with painful bitterness as she said this, and glanced up at him to watch the effect of her words on Charles de Niel. He was leaning against the mantelshelf, and gazing at her with almost haggard apprehension.

“ It is not necessary to go through the story of how my illusions were reft from me one by one,” resumed she, speaking with moody vehemence ; “ I entered the world as if I had been a young girl in a silk gown going through a bramble-bush. All my faith in the goodness, truth, and disinterestedness of people was rudely torn from me in shreds. My father I found to have but one idol—respectability ; and respectability with him meant money. His judicial office, the highest and saintliest which a man can exercise, he looked upon as a means of procuring him the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He was continually anxious as to whether such and such a judgment of his would satisfy the Ministry, and I have seen him in the deepest consternation because he had to adjudicate between two merchants of M——, both equally rich and influential : he feared that whichever way he decided, he should have one of these merchants for his enemy. As to my mother—well, my mother was chiefly concerned about getting me married ; and in her solicitude for what is termed a ‘ suitable ’ match, she conned over all the names of the single men in the province, but without ever, so far as I could see, weighing any other qualities in them than their money, birth, and connections. I was nearly allotted to a man who had made millions by a swindling joint-stock company, and if this suitor was rejected, it was not because of his swindle, but because it was doubtful whether there was not an article in the code by which the swindled people might prosecute the man and get their money back. Another of my wooers was considered a rising man. He had altered his political convictions several times, and had climbed a step higher in the world by each of his apostasies. I was saved the honour of becoming his intended bride by the mere circumstance of his lighting upon a lady who had a couple of hundred thousand francs more dowry than I, and hence was naturally preferable. Then came yourself, M. de Niel ” (here her voice, from common politeness, lost some of its asperity), “ and I will not disguise from you that your being a man of honour had very little to do with our being introduced to each other this evening. Our marriage was mapped out beforehand in all its minute details. You were to bring so much, I so much. Your birth was irreproachable, because your fathers had been judges before you, and this was thought an element worth considering ;

but it was deemed a pity you should only be able to show 300,000 francs as your part of the wedding-contract, and an appeal was to be made to your parents to add another 200,000 francs, if possible. If I died within two years of our marriage, your integrity was held in so high esteem that you were to be compelled by deed to restore my half-million to our family; just as if you would not have done so without the deed! You were also to be tied down,—I believe they call it *tying down*—about certain contingencies, such as the impulse to dispose of my capital without letting me know, or the wish to alienate too much of your own. In fact, anybody reading the contract which was to be the charter of our wedded life might have thought that you were a notoriously dishonest person, against whose enterprises it was considered urgent to shield me; and this flattering estimate of your character seemed also to have been extended to your mental capacities, for instead of computing what way you might be able to make in your profession by your own unaided talents, it was repeatedly dwelt upon that by the influence of your relatives you might be able to outstrip some of your colleagues less luckily connected. Even your political opinions were made the subject of speculation; for it was decided that you were to cultivate as many political acquaintances as feasible in the department, in order that when the Government had been coaxed into promoting you faster than your merit warranted, you might compel them to go on promoting you faster still, by the threat that if you did not obtain all you asked for, you would get yourself elected to the Chamber as an independent representative. So you see nothing was omitted in calculating the items that were to make our marriage dignified, and promote in me a feeling of esteem and admiration for you."

Her voice had grown quick and sarcastic again in pronouncing the last sentences. Charles de Niel, who had flushed red at the unpitiful frankness of her words, tried once or twice to speak, and at last said, coughing to suppress his hoarseness: "You attribute to these marriage-contracts a meaning they do not possess. I should not have regarded it as a slight upon myself if your fortune had been protected. Marriage is a union of interests as well as of affections, you know, and . . ."

"Marriage should be a union of sympathies,—it should be love," she interrupted, her whole frame vibrating, and her hands tearing abruptly at her handkerchief. "The woman should give herself and her fortunes to her husband wholly; she should go with him to his house to be his helpmate, his partner, his slave. There should be no contract to bind their actions, but his will and her love freely, unreservedly, and trustingly bestowed. That is how I understand marriage; and any other union save on these conditions is a bargain as mercenary and immoral as those at which society veils its eyes, because the Church has not sanctioned them. Monsieur de Niel, long before it had been decided without my approval, that I should be your wife, I had resolved that I should be the wife of but one man,—the man whom I could love and worship, poor or rich, in happiness or in sorrow, and who could love me

without knowing who I was or what I possessed. And that man I have found!"

The pallor of Charles de Niel's face deepened slightly as he gazed at her there before him, so beautiful in the splendid vigour of her love. He sighed inaudibly, and then said slowly, as if in physical pain: "I know that I am not an ideal hero. At first sight of you I felt how much I should have to do to deserve my happiness."

She seemed a little touched by this simple rejoinder, and it was with some softness that she replied: "I do not say that I could not have loved you, M. de Niel, had we met under different circumstances to those of to-night; but it was fated otherwise. My choice has been made for more than a year past. The man I love is not rich. You might say that he is not my equal in social rank; but I will marry him, and no one else, if not with my parents' consent, then without it. In two years and a half I shall be of age, and he will wait for me that time. He says he would wait for me twenty years, and I believe him, for there is truth in all his looks and words. Then my life belongs to him of right, for I may say that he saved it. Yes," added she, and her voice grew extraordinarily sweet and pensive in speaking of her lover, "I told you I would confess myself in full, and I acknowledge that on discovering that my parents regarded me as a bale of merchandise to be sold to the highest bidder, I felt so great a loathing for life that I wished to leave it. Death seemed a merciful relief beside the prospect of being all my days chained to a man I could not love; and if I had not met this man—this man who will be my husband—I should have been dead now." She rose and gravely approached Charles de Niel, this time a blush mantling on her face. "It remains for me now," she murmured, "to give you the end of my confession. I had not intended at first to breathe a word of my secret to anybody. I had thought of letting you pay your addresses to me in the usual way, and I should have made you believe that I purposed marrying you; then, as soon as I was of age—for I should have induced you by one excuse after another to postpone our marriage till that time—I should have told the truth. Your conversation and your manner this evening disarmed me, or, rather,"—she hesitated a moment, and suddenly her feverish animation of voice and gesture returned to her—"No, let me be entirely frank. What changed my resolution was not regard for yourself, M. de Niel. It was this: a superstitious terror seized me, that if I trifled with you, if I let you fall in love with me and then broke your life, it would bring me misfortune. I have seen this happen; for there is a curse on deceit in all its forms. Whilst you were speaking, I fancied I saw that you would challenge the man I had preferred to you, and kill him; or, worse than that, I had a presentiment that from the moment I began to encourage in you a love which I had no intention of requiting, I myself should cease to be loved by the man whose love is life to me. Now I have told you all."

She seemed to expect an answer from him, but her eyes were not downcast, and there was nothing in her manner to show that she deemed

her confession a thing to be ashamed of. Charles de Niel could only look at her in seeming fascination. Perhaps he would have liked to speak, but he appeared to be following a train of thought which left him only power to feel the intense humiliation of his position without finding a word to alleviate it. She waited a moment, mechanically opening and shutting the white fan in her hands; then she said slowly: "I have not asked you to keep my secret with regard to my parents or yours; I should not be justified in doing so. But I must tell you candidly what I have resolved. The day my father and mother learn what you now know, I shall leave their house. My love is not one for which I have any reason to blush, but I would not submit to the two years and a half of reproaches, persecutions, and petty miseries which it is in the power of parents to inflict on their children. My parents wished to sell me as completely as any slave was ever sold; I have rebelled. If I am to be persecuted for doing that which I have a right to do, like the poorest of God's creatures, that is, bestow my affection where I please, I shall fly for protection to the man who will shield me. I shall not be his wife in the eyes of your law, but I shall in the sight of Heaven."

Charles de Niel winced and made a gesture of dissuasion. The sanctity of parental authority and the horror of all family scandals are sentiments so deeply rooted in the minds of Frenchmen of ancient houses that the young Procureur for a moment forgot his own sorrow to think only of what a frightful disgrace it would be if Mdlle. Viviane de Barre eloped from her father's roof. "This must not be thought of, Mademoiselle," he said, quickly. "If your affections are irrevocably bestowed, and if—" (the words seemed to cost him an effort)—"if the object of them be as worthy as I make no doubt he is, your parents can certainly be prevailed upon to give their consent to your marriage. You would never forgive yourself if you brought down dishonour upon the great name your ancestors have left you."

"My affianced husband is a man of honour, spotless as snow," she answered unquaveringly; "but you little know my parents if you fancy they could ever be softened or argued into giving their consent to what they would call a *mésalliance*. Oh, if my love were ever so mean of soul and weak of intellect, but rich only and of good connections, then it would be no *mésalliance*; but he is poor, a man of genius, who works for his bread with his hands and his brains, and will owe the fame he will one day earn to no one but himself. This is a *mésalliance*, a thing banned by all our family traditions and the customs of society, and sooner than sanction it I believe my parents would see me in my coffin."

"You must not say that," he interposed, with a moan.

"It is true," she rejoined simply, and playing again with her fan; "but you must not suppose I am insensible to the dishonour of a scandal. If I saw a way of avoiding it without submitting to what I consider to be even more debasing than the worst of scandals, then I should not speak as I have done; but I can imagine no way unless my secret be kept from

my parents till I come of age. Then, as they would be powerless to prevent my marriage, perhaps they will pretend to sanction it, sooner than have it said that I defied them. To bring all this about, however," added she, resignedly, "it would need that we both—I mean you and I—should seem to agree to the match which our families have planned for us; and this is more than I have a right to ask of you, or than you could consent to grant even if I did ask it."

Their conversation had lasted about twenty minutes, and had been uninterrupted by the intrusion of any strangers into the library. The sounds of the music from the distant ball-room reached them by snatches and muffled. They were quite alone, and they seemed more solitary still, and the quietness of the room where they were seemed deeper and more solemn than before, as Charles de Niel replied, after a moment's oppressive silence: "I will not tell you what my grief has been this evening, Mademoiselle, for I think I do not yet foresee myself how inefaceable a mark this last half-hour's events will leave upon my life. But I will serve you with what devotion lies within my strength; and, since I can claim no other title, let me at least be your friend. I will consent to whatever plan you may suggest to preserve your secret. Let our families suppose, if you wish it, that we are agreed, and shall by-and-by be married to each other. It will be the first deceit I shall have wilfully practised on people I love and respect; but the end in view is a good one, since it involves your welfare, and this will justify me. All I ask of you is this: There will inevitably come a time when your generous nature will cancel the judgment you have formed respecting your parents, and when the concealment of any of your thoughts from them will seem irksome to you. At such a moment you may need a friend who can plead your cause with them, not better, but more dispassionately, than yourself. Call me then, and let me be your advocate and—my rival's. It is my profession to plead" (he smiled faintly), "and I do not pass for eloquent; but I feel I shall be eloquent in pleading any cause which has for its stake your happiness."

He caught up his hat, which he had laid upon the chimney-piece, bowed, and left her. A minute afterwards she was still standing motionless, looking at the door through which he had disappeared. There were tears in her eyes.

"I am glad I told you the truth," she murmured; "but if I had not, you would have been a generous enemy."

## II.

Charles de Niel left President de Barre's house so overcome that some of the rejected suitors who met him on the staircase were fain to hope that something was amiss. And something was amiss. It is part of that universal creed which is making its way more and more in this pleasant age of ours that no man is, on the whole, much better than another; and yet it may be doubted whether,

taken all in all, Charles de Niel was not as fair a specimen of the "perfect" man as any to be found. He was dull, but so are most perfect men. He had no startling flashes of thought, no ethereal impulses towards an unseizable something, no vague desire to devote himself to a scheme for improving the human race; but he was good in his mechanical geniusless way, and wholly good. The impulse that came naturally uppermost to his mind in all the circumstances of life was an honest one. He slaved at his profession, never asking himself whether he liked it or disliked it, but viewing it as a thing to be followed and adhered to, because he had been bred to it, from no choice of his own. He gave himself a great deal of trouble to guess whether the prisoners whom he was called upon to prosecute were guilty or not. If guilty, he set himself to get them sentenced to the severest penalties which the law inflicted, because, in doing so, he fancied he was discharging his duty towards society, and society was the highest embodiment of worshipfulness which his intellect could grasp. He was twenty-seven, and had led a quite joyless, sorrowless, uneventful life. His father was stern, honourable, and cold, his mother was cold, and he was cold by inheritance. When they had told him he must marry, he had expected nothing more of this ordeal than a cold wife, who should govern his house with honourable blamelessness, bear him, if Heaven pleased, two cold children, who should look upon him and her as patterns of the virtues and the proprieties, and add so much in money and family influence to his social status. He had read books in which great passions were described, but he thought them stupid reading. He had also been troubled with a friend who was deeply in love; and after lecturing this friend with cold reason, he had dropped him, feeling not quite sure whether it was honest to love in this way, neglect one's duties, and be impervious to argument. Charles de Niel would have walked a mile to satisfy a moderate whim of his own; he would have gone two to oblige a reasonable friend; he would not have walked three to please Heaven itself, unless the practical utility of the journey had been most irrefutably demonstrated to him.

And this was the man into whose life a ravaging, inextinguishable passion had fallen unawares like a shell!

He could not at first realize it. When he found himself in the street he stopped for a minute under a gas-lamp and leaned against it, to try and collect his thoughts. He asked himself whether he had not been dreaming—whether he was sober? Certainly, if it had been prophesied to him that morning that he should, in the course of two hours, see a woman to whom he would, in the brief glance of an instant, give his whole heart and spirit; that this woman would confide to him that she could never be his wife because she loved a man of whom her parents disapproved; and that he, a public censor, and a private moralist to boot, would enter of his own free will into a conspiracy for keeping this woman's illicit attachment a secret from her parents, and for by-and-by inducing the parents to give their sanction to the attachment—certainly, if this had

been foretold him, he would have stared with suspicion at the prophet as one does at a fugitive from an asylum. The thing was, indeed, out of the range of possible prevision. Was he not Charles de Niel, a man descended from the De Niels, who had been judges, and wealthy, and bowed down to in all time ; and could he not have taken any girl he had ever seen before to wife, for the simple condescension of asking ? Had he not, in fact, been systematically circumspect in his relations with the sex because of this very fact, that he felt himself to be a prize for which many were angling ; and had he not repeatedly theorized within his own intellect as to the imprudence, the immorality even, of marriages that were not based solely on the adjustment of two equal names, two equal fortunes, and two equal collections of interests to one another ? Oh, yes, all this was the case, and yet there were the facts in opposition to them ; and what made the situation more perplexing and wildly hopeless was that, notwithstanding her rejection of him, notwithstanding her horrible—for, to his notions, it had been simply horrible—confession of filial insubordination and outrageously misplaced affections, notwithstanding that no shade of probability existed of her ever feeling anything for him but the most complete indifference, he loved Viviane with a force and a fervour that had spread into all his being like a poison.

He recalled every incident of their interview that evening. There are inflections of voice, gestures, glances which one cannot describe on paper or in words, but which recur to one like the bars of a striking air once heard. He remembered that Viviane had stood near the mantelshef and gazed at him during a moment as if wondering whether she could trust him ; then she had made a quick little wave of the hand, and her lips had relaxed, which meant that she thought she could. Her voice had much less of the Provençal accent in it than his, and her demeanour was calmer than that of most Southern women, but by moments the warm blood of her native province had asserted itself in petulant gestures, and in a few words spoken with the rapid querying intonation which the peasant-women of the country possessed. Her attitude had been alternately that of a wounded fawn, turning to ask with her eyes why she was being pursued, and that of a young panthress untamed and defiant. What was the impression which he had definitely carried away from the interview—was it pity, wonder, admiration ? This he knew not. The perfume she breathed still lingered with him, her muslin dress still seemed to touch his fingers as when he danced with her, he could see her eyes, lips, complexion, her wavy hair, her royal grace of figure before him as if he had not left her presence. And all these recollections were blended into the sensation which he knew to be love—a love that would never leave him, which must be the delight and torment of his existence, which would be intertwined with all his thoughts ; and which, if not rewarded, must eventually drive him to the melancholy which brings death, or to that thirst for forgetfulness in which a man throws off his first nature as a garment and plunges into new modes of thinking, being, and acting as into the sea.

He left his lamp-post and walked straight ahead of him through the streets. As the cafés did not close till one in M——, there were many of them open on his way, and their bright lights, the jingling of glasses, and the rattling of dominoes on their marble tables, were almost a relief to him. There is always at least one thoroughfare in large provincial cities which is gayer than the gayest of Parisian Boulevards. The whole life of the place is centralized there—the officers of the garrison, the local quidnuncs, the prettiest of the factory-girls after their work, pass and repass by it, and the thronging and animation of the scene are kept up until long past the time when sensible people are, or should be, in bed. Charles de Niel could not have slept that night, and he dreaded being quite alone with his own thoughts, for they were too new and full of recent pangs. He fancied he should like to walk about on that gay thoroughfare where he was till daybreak; in moments when he might be tempted to doubt again whether he had been dreaming all that evening, the noise around would prove to him that he was still awake and among the living. Lover-like, however, he had no sooner made up his mind on this point, than he struck across the road and dived down a narrow street, in search of solitude.

He had abruptly lit upon the question: Who could this mysterious lover of Viviane's be? She had said he was a man of genius who worked with his hands and brains, and would attain fame. This must mean an artist, painter, sculptor, or perhaps even a poet or journalist. He knew what a journalist was. He had had several of them sent to prison, he was glad to think—men who discussed highly and mightily things about which they knew nothing, egged on the public to chronic discontent, and called themselves the moulders of the nation's mind. Poets were not much better, but more conceited. As for artists, all the artists he had ever met, owed money, and were for reforming the social system. Perhaps there were reasonable artists and fair-minded journalists. It must be so, for she had called her lover a man of stainless honour and truthful mind; but he was so little acquainted with this circle of society, that he could think of nobody, working with his brains and hands, who could answer to Viviane's enthusiastic description, and be worthy of her. M—— was a seaport town. Diving down his narrow street, Charles de Niel had come within sight of the sea, which was lit up to silvery blueness by a crescent moon. He made for the beach, and there facing the waves and leaning against a fishing smack drawn up on the shingle, he tried to conjure up out of the waters, as they broke at his feet, the face of his rival. He softened and grew just as the minutes flew by over this lonely occupation, which was not without a certain sad fascination for him. By degrees he came to invest his rival with all the qualities which he instinctively felt that he himself lacked. His admiring recollection of Viviane must have had something to do with the humility with which, for the first time in his life, he endeavoured to take stock of his own deficiencies. He felt that Viviane could only have bestowed her love upon a man who, however low his present station, must have been intended by nature for a prince among men,

and he ended with a sigh by picturing to himself this man as the incarnation of all physical and moral perfection—a very hero of romance.

He was roused from his reverie by hearing a gladsome voice carolling on the beach not far from him. He must have been standing where he was a long time, for the noise in the city behind him had subsided, many lights had been put out, and there was no sound on the beach beside the sea, but this one voice which was drawing nearer to him. It was a young man's voice, and it trolled out its song with a gaiety quickened by wine and the brightness of the night :

"On entend au loin la chanson des merles :

O ménétrier, prends ton violon ;

Les guis rossignols égrenent des perles :

Quel beau soir ! Dansez, filles d'Avallon !"

From where he was he could see the singer approach. He wore a blouse like ordinary workmen, and a *béret*—the flat cap, either scarlet or blue, indigenous to Provence. When within a few yards of the smack he slackened his pace to twirl himself a cigarette, then stopped altogether to fumble for a match—not successfully as it seemed, for he swore one of those light oaths which are the small coin of French expletives. It was at this moment that he caught sight of Charles de Niel, who had stepped out of the shadow of the boat on purpose not to startle him as he passed. He did not seem reassured by the sight, and looked even somewhat disconcerted ; but he pushed his courage to the front, and shouted out a civil request for a light, maintaining, however, a prudent distance.

Charles de Niel, not being a smoker, answered that he had no matches. At the sound of his voice, the young man in the blouse made a few steps hastily forward, stared him in the face, then laughed, and held out both hands.

"This is an unexpected meeting, Charley (*Charlot*) ! How do you do ? and why are you here, at this time of night, frightening the public ?"

Charles de Niel did not give his hand. He stood astonished, and scrutinized his interlocutor.

"I do not remember you," he said.

"No doubt," replied the other, with a merriness that had a dash of acid in it. "Top branches often forget the lower ones. You have risen, whilst I have done just the other thing, which is enough to account for your shortness of memory ; but never mind, the race is not over yet, and I may still distance you, so we may as well shake hands."

"I recollect you now," said the young Procureur, shaking his hand, not gushingly, but with some interest. "You are Marjolain, Sixte Marjolain, my old schoolfellow."

"And you never missed the chance of prophesying how very badly I should end, which was kind of you ! Sixte means, by the way, that I am sixth of a family who have unanimously (since I saw you last) resolved never to give me another stiver, alleging that I am a good-for-nothing, who spent all my own share of the family money—money in our

family being apparently not made for spending. Praise be to *νεφέληγερά Ζεύς*, patron of cloud-blowers, here is half a lucifer-match in my pocket, and luckily the good half! May I offer you a cigarette?—No? You always kept from bad habits, and I hope you have found life more pleasant from it. I should not have done so. All I complain of is, that there are not bad habits enough. I would willingly acquire a few more: they are the best things in life. But, as I was saying, heaven ordained you for a prophet. You foretold that I should spend every sou I had, which I did scrupulously; you foresaw, further, that I should have to work for my bread, which I am also doing, as you see."

"You seem to be the same unconcerned fellow as you used to be when we were at school, and later when we were students together," answered Charles de Niel, not unkindly but seriously. "I hope the world has not dealt as hardly by you as it generally does with those who begin as you did."

"Well, as to that," replied Marjolain, blowing three superb puffs of smoke from his nostrils seaward, "as to that, my father was a hosier, who thought to make a barrister of me, and I have become an engraver instead. The moral is that inordinate ambition never prospers. It is I who engrave those pictures you see in the illustrated papers, also prints for hanging on the walls. I earn more than I absolutely require, and I spend all I earn: miserly habits being the root of all evil. Of a Sunday I might wear a black coat if I pleased; but I prefer a blouse: comfort being the first law of religion. Perhaps you pity me for ranking as a mechanic; you are wrong. As a hosier's son, I cut no very grand figure among the set which you adorn; as an educated engraver among unlearned engravers I am somebody. We have a political club, of which your police know nothing, as usual. I speak there, and am listened to. I always speak clap-trap; but that makes no difference. Clap-trap is what a two-handed sword and biceps enough to ply it were in the middle ages: you make your way with it. You are an example of what legal clap-trap can do; I shall climb the pole by means of socialistico-communistical clap-trap. When you are Public Prosecutor-General I may be a representative of the people or a Minister; perhaps I shall reach my goal before you; if so, I will invite you to dinner."

"I might have foreseen that too, Sixte," remarked the young Procureur, but this time very severely, for a revolutionary radical stood little higher in his esteem than a malefactor. "You first fritter away your substance, then, finding labour tiresome, wish to rise by disturbing society. There are many like you."

"Yes, there are," nodded Marjolain, quite coolly; "and look you, Charley, the best of rising by disturbing society, as you call it, is that it costs no trouble and offers all the excitement of gambling into the bargain. I could never have believed that the people were such a concrete mass of imbecility as I find them to be. They will believe anything. I have tried them with balderdash, as you try toxics on a dog, increasing the

dose each time ; but I have never found I gave them more than they could swallow. I shall certainly end by being somebody ; and you mustn't blame me for it, but only the sapient laws of our country, which have given political power to the morally blind, deaf, and blear-eyed. If you tie a slippery rope to a housetop, and set a ladder beside the rope, you must expect people to prefer the ladder mode of ascension. Now, the slippery rope is hard work, the ladder is universal suffrage, and the housetop is honour and affluence. I have said."

He spoke in a flippant, rather arrogant tone of persiflage ; but it sounded rather as if he felt the humiliation of being seen in such apparently low estate by a man with whom he had lived on terms of equality, and this had something to do with the affected self-complacency of his remarks. Charles de Niel had never much liked Sixte Marjolain, though his pleasant spirits and free-handed ways used to amuse him. He rated his companion at his proper value as being extravagant, good-tempered, not much loaded with heart, a liar by instinct, and brave neither morally nor physically. This was in their student-days. As Sixte Marjolain stood before him now, with his handsome selfish face, his *béret* jauntily perched on the side of his head, his moustache-tips waxed and twisted into hooks, and his sneering mouth ejecting tobacco-smoke by abrupt jets, it seemed to Charles de Niel as if all the evil characteristics of the man had deepened, whilst the good ones had diminished. He looked less blithe of mood and less generous than formerly, but more full of conceit and bombast ; whilst the uneasy way in which he had halted on the beach, before recognizing his friend, appeared to indicate that his courage was not of that sort which rages within lions.

"I suppose you belong to the International?" remarked Charles de Niel, with something of a shrug after a rapid survey of him.

"Of course," answered Marjolain, proceeding to roll a second cigarette, which he lighted with the remnant of the first. "I am very candid, though, in telling you that, for being a Public Prosecutor, you might have me arrested for the avowal. I shouldn't care though, for they wouldn't give me more than six months, and six months' imprisonment for the good cause, as we say in our clap-trap, would advance my political prospects wonderfully. I see, however, I may soon have another chance of advancement than that which I should gain by losing my liberty. Have you seen the papers to-night, 4th July ? There is something about the candidature of a Prussian to the throne of Spain. This may stir up war. And if we only have a war and get sacked, in comes the Republic and up I go to the topmost rung of the ladder, like quicksilver when there's fire underneath. It's thinking of this brought me out to stroll in the moonlight. I've been to a wedding-supper, and wine and ambition combined have driven drowsiness away. Besides, if you wait here another half-hour, you'll see the fisher-girls pass to meet the smacks at the creek yonder. Some of the girls are pretty and not strait-laced ; I am on good terms with all the pretty ones." And he stroked his moustache with arch assurance,

Charles de Niel did not attach much importance to the rumour of war; and he wished to cut short this interview, which was growing distasteful to him. He said, however, coldly: "You must feel conscious yourself, Marjolain, of having fallen low indeed when you are reduced to hoping that we may be beaten in a war in order that you may rise. I wish I could have met you under pleasanter circumstances; but I am bound to warn you, both as an old comrade and as a magistrate, to keep out of the clutch of the law. If I were ever bound to prosecute you, I assure you I should do it without pity."

"I am convinced I could trust you to do that," laughed Marjolain, carelessly; "but," added he, stung in his vanity, "who told you that I hoped for a defeat, or that I was dependent on it for my rise? I said that if we were sacked I should prosper, but the wise man has two strings to his bow, and one of the strings should be feminine. What should you say if I were to marry a woman who would bring me a million for her dower, who is of as good blood as yourself, and as beautiful as that sickle moon up above us, only younger and more tangible?"

If Sixte Marjolain had counted upon causing a sensation, he was served to his heart's desire. Charles de Niel started as if he had been struck. He turned on his companion with a face blanched of all its colour, and with eyeballs glaring: "Great God!" he exclaimed aloud, "if this should be the man!" and he laid a hard, nervous, menacing grasp on the engraver's shoulder.

"Tell me this woman's name, Marjolain," he hissed rather than spoke. "Tell me the truth—no hesitation or lying; for I shall find out."

Marjolain receded a step. His cigarette had dropped from his mouth, and he too had paled. He succeeded in disengaging himself from Niel's grasp.

"If you can find out," he said, "why ask me? I am not free to mention names."

"Is it Mademoiselle de Barre?" shouted Charles de Niel, following him and seizing him again so roughly that Marjolain lurched forward and almost lost his balance.

The engraver's self-possession abandoned him. He saw this was no moment for trifling.

"How did you learn?" he stammered, astonished as much as frightened.

Charles de Niel pushed him from him with such violence that Marjolain staggered on the shingle, and would have fallen but for the smack's rudder, against which he tottered.

"Oh, God in heaven," moaned the young magistrate pressing his hands to his forehead, "sooner she had been dead than this! A being of this sort, and I who had been thinking it could only be one of those men who set their stamp on history." He moaned again with a distress which would have been shocking for any one who loved him to witness. Then he became suddenly calm, and walked to where Marjolain was still

leaning rubbing his elbow in a scared way and wondering whether it would not be advisable to fly. "You must tell me everything," he said, in exactly the same tone he used in interrogating a prisoner. "Tell me how it began and what are your schemes. Sit on the boat there, if you like."

Sixte Marjolain was moved by a moment's impulse to be rebellious, but a glance at Charles de Niel's firm-set face showed him he was not to be trifled with. He was no hero was M. Marjolain, and he made a clean breast of it.

There is no reason for our going through the avowals exactly as they were uttered, for they took a long time in delivery, were full of quibbles, reticences, and evasions, and had in many cases to be extracted piecemeal by cross-questions. Taken in its substance, however, the story was a very old and oft-told one. Viviane de Barre had met Sixte Marjolain accidentally. She had gone out with her maid under pretence of sketching on the cliff. Once there she had sent her maid to wander in search of flowers, and it is to be supposed from the confession she had made to Charles de Niel himself, that her intention was, in her bitter despondency, to commit suicide by throwing herself over the cliff. Some sketches of hers, however, having got loose from her portfolio, were blown over the downs by the wind, at a moment when Marjolain, out loafing (it being a Monday), was passing by the spot; and he came hurrying up with them before she had risen from her sketching-stool to execute her self-murderous design. At a glance they were attracted towards each other, or rather, he simply admired her beauty; whilst she, in her romantic and morbid agitation, not only admired *his* beauty, but judged from his educated language and well-bred manners, forming such a contrast to his dress, that he was one of those struggling geniuses with whom young girls' dreams are peopled. He was clever and plausible though lazy and weak, and he soon introduced himself to her in a well-conceived story, which took a powerful hold of her imagination. He was an inborn artist, persecuted by his family for his vocation, and he was working for his bread. He might live at home in undignified and servile ease if he pleased, but he was ambitious of fame, and would not enter into any compromise with his self-esteem. These points of his story so like her own could not but kindle her sympathy. She met him again on the cliff, not by appointment but by seeming accident, though of course it was only "seeming." Then they saw each other more frequently, till her interest for him changed into love and took possession of her life. It is popularly accepted that women have the power of seeing through a man and detecting all that is false in him. This power would seem to serve them only with men they do not love, for Viviane de Barre never suspected Sixte Marjolain. She weaved her own generous fancies round his descriptions of himself, took him for her hero, worshipped him, confided in him, and would listen to the recital of his imaginary struggles, his hopes, his disappointments, as if chapters of Holy Writ were being read to her. They never could see each other

anywhere but in the open air, in a museum or a church; but once a day at least Sixte passed by her father's house at an appointed hour, that they might exchange glances. As soon as she should be of age she had sworn most solemnly to marry him. This was the tale in its simplicity. Sixte Marjolain related it in a way to show that the love was all on Viviane's side, not on his. He looked to the profit of the match, feeling sure that the De Barres would not disinherit their only child, though they might at first threaten to do so. Viviane had often offered him money out of her allowance to help him set up a studio; but though she had cried at his refusal to accept it, he had been wise enough to persist in this refusal, in order that his disinterestedness might remain above suspicion. He wound up by declaring that the marriage would take place notwithstanding all impediments that might be thrown into his way by Charles de Niel or anybody else, "unless something better turned up"—the "something better" being probably, in his eyes, another match where there would be as much money, but less risks; or a revolutionary windfall which should make him rich at a sweep and spare him the necessity of marrying at all; this last, much the cheeriest prospect.

Dawn had broken when Marjolain, in some extenuation of tongue and mind, came to the end of his compulsory recital. Charles de Niel said but a dozen words to him in final reply, and these words were a fair warning that Mdlle. de Barre should be apprised of all the real circumstances of Sixte's life and character. At this, M. Sixte shrugged his shoulders scoffingly.

"You may tell her what you please," he said. "It will harm you in her opinion more than me." And upon this they parted.

Charles de Niel returned to his hotel, threw himself dressed on his bed, and lay there, not sleeping, but in a fever of thought, for two hours. At nine he rose, and changed his evening clothes for morning ones, and at ten o'clock set out on foot for the house of President de Barre. He was to have the privilege of calling every day—that was understood; and so, though the hour was a little early, Madame de Barre received him without surprise cordially. She was in the garden with Viviane, working at tapestry; but after a few moments' desultory conversation, she made a pretence of having something to fetch indoors, and left the supposed lovers alone, thinking to please them. Charles de Niel did not pause one moment before discharging what he had deliberately judged to be a sacred duty. He was seated on a garden-stool, she on a chair underneath a tree. He leaned forward, and said, in a quiet, firm voice: "Mademoiselle, I have come to warn you that the man on whom you have bestowed your affections can never make you happy. He is altogether unworthy of you."

She rose, shivering with amazement from head to foot, dropped her work, and flashed at him a look of such indignation and contempt that any man might well have recoiled. But he had come prepared for this, and, though he flushed under her scathing glance, he made a movement

of his hand, as though to say: "Only hear me to the end. You shall speak afterwards." She sat down again with a sort of shrug; he drew his seat closer to hers, and spoke. It was not a denunciatory speech. He exaggerated nothing: he simply described Sixte Marjolain as he knew him; and the bare truth, in this instance, would have been convincing enough to anybody not biassed. But when was woman in love not biassed? Unfortunate Charles de Niel did not know women—least of all a woman in love. Had Viviane's face been of marble, sculptured to express the image of Disdain, it could not have been more rigidly fixed in cold scorn and indifference than it was during the whole time Charles de Niel spoke. She seemed not to hear, not to care, not to be aware of his presence. She took up her fallen tapestry and worked at it. Only once, when he made some revelation on which he had earnestly relied to destroy her love for the man so beneath her, a flitting smile of contempt more than usually strong curled her lip. This speechless attitude unnerved Charles de Niel. Had she cried, protested, argued with him, abused him even, his fortitude would not have been impaired. But this ineffable scorn and unbelief froze and finally silenced him. He broke off, looked at her in dismay, and faltered: "So it is possible that I have not yet succeeded in convincing you?"

She rose and laughed outright—a laugh full of hatred, disdain, and defiance. Her eyes were aglow, and her beautiful face, which had turned ashy white at his first words, had now become crimson in its passion.

"Listen, Monsieur de Niel," she answered calmly, thrusting each word like a dagger's point. "Yesterday, I thought you were a man of honour, and I thanked God on my knees—yes, on my knees—this night for having sent me such a friend. I see now that you are like the rest. In Sixte Marjolain's world, when a man has anything to say of another he speaks it frankly before his face; in ours, it is the fashion to traduce a rival behind his back, to breathe venomous calumnies upon him, not one of which the speaker would dare utter aloud. If you have a face that can blush at a woman's contempt, M. de Niel, let me never see you again. Inform my parents of my secret if you please; it is indifferent to me. If you do, I shall act as I told you I would yesterday. As to your slanders, hark to this. If you were to swear all you have just said by your hopes of salvation, I would not believe you; if you were to swear it me on your dying pillow, with the crucifix of the Saviour held before your eyes, and priests praying for your soul by your bedside, I would not believe you; nay, if I were to see with my own eyes the things you have foully invented, I would sooner doubt the evidence of my senses, and hold myself mad, than believe Sixte Marjolain capable of anything that is not noble, generous, and true."

When love rises to such proportions as this, even simple men like Charles de Niel can understand its majesty. He bent his head without a word. He had nothing more to say.

## III.

Some ten months after this the city of M—— was in some commotion, the reason being this, that an attempt to establish a commune like that of Paris had been made there and had failed. A couple of days' fighting had got the better of the insurgents' valour; a few days' shooting and pursuing had got the better of their political constancy; and the scene was one of rebels being hunted out of cellars, garrets, sewer-pipes, under all the disguises one can imagine, vowing their innocence as soon as caught, and whining for mercy. This is not a pleasant picture. But the fugitives seemed to consider that shooting was not pleasant either.

The ringleaders had, as usual, with scarcely a single exception, escaped. That is always the way with ringleaders. Detectives were watching for them at street corners, sending telegraphic despatches about them, posting descriptions of their persons on dead walls, and in a general way looking for them with great energy wherever they were least likely to be found. Among the ringleaders being thus looked for with energy was the man described on the posters as "The so-called General Sixte Marjolain."

M. Marjolain had been quite right in his provisions of what his country's defeat might do for him. The 4th September revolution had caused him to be elected a Commandant of National Guards; the Communal insurrection had made a General of him. He had done little fighting in either military capacity. Whilst the Prussian war lasted he had decided that he could be more useful to the Republic he loved by remaining at M——, and guarding its interests, than by going to fight under Chanzy on the Loire, and so risking the life of a good fellow and a staunch radical. During his few days' generalship he had been too much occupied in taking care of some public money he and his men had discovered in the municipal coffers, to have a thought for anything else. This, however, did not lessen the peril of his position. On the contrary, it was pretended that to cover his retreat, when the chase after him had become rather too pressing, he had ordered some acolytes of his to set fire to a block of houses, after the now approved democratic method, that is with petroleum. He was well known from having strutted about so complacently in his uniform during war time. There were photographs of him, booted and spurred, in shop windows. The detectives seemed more anxious to find him than anybody else. After a few days' hunting, it was said they had received positive information that he was lurking in a house on the eastern outskirt of the city, but in which particular house on this outskirt they were as yet unaware.

It so happened that in one of the outskirting houses lodged Charles de Niel. Nine months had dealt radically with him too. In the first place he had been naturally deprived of his office when the Republicans came in after Sedan, and in the next place the collapse of several financial and Imperial companies, in which most of his father's fortune was invested, had nearly ruined him. The ruin had killed his father, and the troubles of all sorts resulting from the war had also hastened his mother's end. He was now

an orphan, without any near relative to care for or be cared for by. During the war he had fought on the Loire as a private soldier. At the peace he had come to live at M——, where the Communal insurrection had taken him unawares—so unawares, indeed, that he had had no means of joining the regular forces which were putting down the rebellion. He had remained indoors during all the fighting; and also during the few days' turmoil afterwards. His means of living were some hundred thousand francs he had managed to save from the wreck of his family property. As soon as the country was quiet again he thought of practising at the bar. One may add that he was viewed with some mistrust in M——, not because he was an ex-Bonapartist, but because he was ruined.

Thus much for his material circumstances. As to his moral condition it had been noticed by all who knew Charles de Niel that in that first week in July, '70, when his marriage had begun to be talked of, a complete and extraordinary change had come suddenly over him. But no one guessed or suspected the reason of this change as we can do. Charles de Niel had never seen Viviane since that morning when she had ordered him never to come into her presence again. A few days later the war had broken out, he had been recalled hastily to his post, and the events which followed in rapid succession having necessarily adjourned all matrimonial schemes, he had been able to confine himself to a merely formal correspondence with the De Barres, without this being deemed at all odd. He had not disclosed Viviane's secret either to her parents or to anybody else. He suffered people to believe that he was going to marry her, and they did believe it, until after the loss of his fortune he wrote, as in duty bound, to say that being no longer in a position to support a wife, he begged leave to withdraw from the engagement. This method of proceeding, tallying so completely with French notions of the becoming, President de Barre had merely replied that he was grieved to hear of Charles's bereavement and losses, that he would have given him his daughter all the same (which was not true), but that since M. Charles deemed it well to retract his engagement, he could not but defer to his wishes. So Charles de Niel was free, as well as orphaned, ruined, and well-nigh friendless.

But not free in mind. Ever since the hour when he had first seen Viviane, and especially since that hideous moment when she had accused him of calumny, he had known no peace. He had carried about her image with him everywhere—on the battle-fields, in solitude, amid all his sorrows. His friends called him changed. He was like a man who carried about the stigma of a crime with him. For the moment she, who was his all to him, suspected his honour, it was as if the entire world suspected him. His ambition had all now converged to one fixed idea, and that idea engrossed him as ideas do engross men to whom thought comes slowly. He wished to clear himself in her sight, no matter at what cost, no matter how. If he could clear himself, that is, bring her to see that he had spoken truthfully, and from no other motive but her

welfare, he would ask for nothing more. He would be willing to die the next minute. He should like to die the next minute.

It was evening when the military and the police arrived to explore the suburb where the ex-Procureur lived. Charles de Niel was reading, or making believe to read, at his table by lamplight. The house where he lodged was in a quiet street, with villas all detached, and standing in gardens; the least noise of carriage-wheels or steps could be heard from one end of the thoroughfare to the other. Of a sudden—it must have been towards nine at night—Charles de Niel did hear a noise, and it was a well-known noise—the tramping of soldiers in great numbers, both before and behind the house. He got up, lifted a corner of a curtain, and saw that his own villa, and those adjoining it on both sides, were surrounded. It mattered little to him. He sat down again to read, and would have continued to remain where he was, despite all the tramping; but before he had been seated a minute, another and different noise struck his ear. This time it was a clambering over a wall close to his window—then a soft fall. He was on a ground-floor parlour, looking to the front, but there was another room that served to dine in, and which led out of that where he was sitting; the door of it was open, and it was from that direction that the noise came. He held his breath and listened. There was a rapping at the window-panes which looked on to the garden; somebody was knocking. Charles de Niel rose, walked fearlessly into the other room, and opened the window. A man emerged from the darkness and rushed in, haggard, scared, and with clothes torn; he held a revolver in his hand, and but for that would have had all the appearance of a hunted beast, which he was. Though circumstances and terror had altered him, the man was easy to recognize. It was Sixte Marjolain.

There was a moment's wonder-stricken silence, and the two men looked at each other without a word; but at sight of Niel, a ghastly despair had shot swiftly across the hunted rebel's face. He turned instinctively as if he would have bolted again; but he had not the strength left. So he threw his revolver down, and said, in a choked voice, the voice of a man at bay: "I am at your mercy, Niel; remember that, though you once said you would show me no mercy." And he sank shivering into a seat.

Charles de Niel for a moment made no answer; but during a few seconds his features seemed to be transfigured in a way which can only happen once to a man in his lifetime, if that. He walked up to Sixte Marjolain, rested a hand on his shoulder, and said in a peculiar voice: "Listen, and answer quickly, Sixte; does *she* still love you?"

"Yes," faltered Sixte, amazed and trembling.

"She believes in you?"

"Yes." (This was rather an impatient nod than a word.)

"And she is still determined to marry you?"

"She will not marry me now, because in another ten minutes I shall be arrested, and in another six months dead," answered Marjolain, with a dogged and expressive gesture at the windows, outside of which the

tramping and voices of soldiers were heard growing louder. "But if it had not been for this," added he, with some fire of defiance rising to his eyes, "she would have married me."

"Then stand up," said Charles de Niel, with perfect calm. "Now lift up your hand, and swear after me. Swear to be an honest man, and to be faithful and good to her. On that condition I save you."

"Save me!" gasped Marjolain, with feverish exultation; "save me, how?"

"Will you swear?" asked Charles de Niel.

"I will do more than swear; I will keep my oath," faltered Marjolain, with eyes full of anguish, as if with the fear that he was being hoaxed, and he extended his hand.

Charles de Niel nodded, went to a bureau and unlocked it. He took out a bundle of notes and a pocket-book.

"Here is money and a passport," he said; "you can hide in the cellar whilst I go out and say that it is I who am Sixte Marjolain. They do not know me, so they will arrest me and go away; during that time you can escape."

He took Marjolain by the arm, led him out of the room, and down a staircase, into a small wood-cellar. At the moment of closing the door and handing his rival the key, he said, quite quietly, but looking Sixte Marjolain in the face again: "Remember, an oath is a serious thing, Sixte, and if you swear it to a man who dies, and then do not keep it, it brings misfortune. You can become an honest man now: the money I have given you puts you above need."

These were his last words. When Marjolain left the cellar an hour afterwards, the quarter was deserted. There were no soldiers there, and Marjolain's passport took him safely through all the streets of the town and past all the sentries. It was only a few days later, when he had safely crossed the French frontier, that he learned this: that the notorious Sixte Marjolain had been arrested, but that he had been found dead in his cell next morning. He had committed suicide.

#### IV.

The mistake in identity was never discovered, for Frenchmen, especially criminals, are buried within four-and-twenty hours of death. The real Sixte Marjolain recently returned to France, under a new name, and married. The parents were opposed to the marriage of their daughter to an English adventurer—for he gave himself out for an Englishman—but Mdlle. Viviane was of age; so, from necessity they granted their consent. Whether the "adventurer" keeps the oath he swore as the price of his life is a secret only known to himself, his wife, and the man who was interred under his name. But many so-called "free-thinkers" make a religion of superstition, and Sixte Marjolain was superstitious. He believed in the power of dead men to haunt and punish live ones.

## A Day in a Japanese Theatre.

---

He who would gain a just idea of the various qualities of a Japanese theatre—its conspicuous merits and its flagrant faults ; its contrasts of rude simplicity and lavish splendour ; its swift successions of dexterous illusion and awkward disenchantment ; and its alternating incongruities of genuine dramatic taste and skill, and reckless defiance of æsthetic and human proprieties—must give at least one uninterrupted day to its study, going early, and leaving only when all is finished. Repeated visits of shorter duration will hardly serve, for he will be almost sure to miss some element, not only of entertainment, but also of importance in estimating the general value of theatrical art among the Japanese. In the performances of one day he will probably find fair examples of nearly all that they attempt to accomplish. Unlike the Chinese, who are content to follow the course of a tortuous tragedy or complicated comedy through days and weeks of mazy evolution, the Japanese must have variety, as well as abundance, in their mimic sports. Their more active nature requires the stimulant of continual novelty, and, for the price of a single day's amusement, they expect, and usually receive, a complete Polonius's list of representations, with additional details of the kind referred to by Hamlet as more appropriate to the Polonial humour.\* One visit, then, will doubtless enable the foreign spectator to satisfy himself as to the standard of the Nippon drama, and to determine its rank among like exhibitions in other lands. If it recommend itself to his gentle senses, there is nothing to prevent him from repeating the experiment as often as he may choose ; if it weary him, there is nothing to prevent him from staying away as freely as in any country where the form of government is supposed to be more liberal than in these islands of the Origin of the Sun.

Put yourself, I pray, under my guidance for a day, and come with me to Asakusa—at once the busiest and the merriest quarter of Yedo. Here, amid the incessant bustle of trade, are congregated the best of the public amusements which the great city possesses ; most of them under the shadow of the majestic temple of Kuan-non, which, unlike the majority of temples, is kept constantly open and in operation, perhaps as an antidote to the poisonous influences of concentrated commerce. Here are gardens with quaint devices of dwarf forests, streams, and mountains to tempt the curious. Here are archery-grounds, with nimble-fingered Oriental Dianas to fit the fidgety arrow to the evasive cord. Here are menageries, with

---

\* "He's for a jig," &c.

nothing more ferocious about them than languid snakes and spiteful apes. Here are wax-works of truly marvellous fidelity, compared with which even Madame Tussaud's are commonplace caricatures. Here also are the theatres, three of them keeping each other close company, as that famous row on the Boulevard du Temple once did. Of these, we can take our choice. They are all alike externally, and are all sufficiently attractive to the eye, with gay flags protruding and enormous lanterns depending from their balconies, and their walls covered, like those of many play-houses at home, with transparencies representing the most impressive scenes in the favourite dramas of the day. It matters little which we enter. We pass the first, learning that it is already compactly full, and the second, because, although it is but a little past eight o'clock, the performance has already begun. At the door of the third, the proprietor or his assistant waits, bowing and smiling, to receive us, and, ascertaining which part of the house we wish to be placed in, precedes us to our destination, clearing the way, and making all comfortable before us, as an amiable usher would naturally do in any well-conducted English establishment. But as regards payment, no word is spoken at this early period: that ungracious formality is left for a later stage. At present, the attendant's thoughts are occupied solely by his desire to bestow us comfortably in our box, with sundry cushions to mitigate the asperities of rough and angular boards, and with pots of fragrant tea to soothe the impatience of the interval before the opening of the day's dramatic budget. We might have chairs, European chairs, if we desired; but, of course, we reject them, as, on such an occasion, we would reject anything unnecessarily foreign, and, folding ourselves together upon the matted floor, we commence our personal proceedings by an inspection of the house and the assemblage.

It is certainly a plain and primitive edifice; thoroughly substantial, and neat enough, but totally destitute of anything approaching to luxury; covering a space about equal to that occupied by the Adelphi in London, though not equal to the Adelphi in height; four solid walls bound together at the top by massive beams and sheltered by a roof, the numerous apertures in which are so arranged with broad shutters, as to produce specific scenic effects of light and shade. There is no ceiling, and, of course, no plastering or paint upon the wood-work in any part. The auditorial arrangements are not unlike those of the smaller French theatres. The centre of the floor is filled with stalls or boxes,—the former name seems more appropriate here than it is with us—square spaces separated from one another by partitions about ten inches high, each calculated to comfortably accommodate four, or possibly six, persons. Two aisles lead from the back of the house to the stage, which latter is not divided by any practical boundary from the body of the parquet, both being upon the same level. Indeed these aisles appear to be intended rather for occasional exits and entrances of the actors than for the accommodation of visitors, the partitions between the boxes being sufficiently bulky to afford an easy passage to the sure-footed Japanese. Along the outer side of each of the

aisles a row of boxes like the French "loges" extends, constructed to hold four occupants apiece. The gallery—there is only one—chiefly consists of similar "loges," the space in the extreme rear corresponding to the least select part of our play-houses. Altogether, there is ample room for some 1,200 persons, and with a little of the pressure which European and American ushers are accustomed to exert, 2,000 might be introduced without serious difficulty. Mats and cushions are liberally supplied, but no other conveniences are provided, or, indeed, looked for. The only decorations are a few coloured hanging-curtains, stretching from side to side like our stage "borders;" rows of paper lanterns hung about the edges of the gallery in the same manner as our gaseliers, and, like them, intended rather for ornament than use, and long strips of cloth thrown over the fronts of the conspicuous boxes above and below, emblazoned with the names of popular actors, the crests of tutelary deities, and the titles of certain plays that have proved especially attractive. The curtain occupies the same position as with us, but there is no proscenium, and nothing to prevent the curious spectator from penetrating behind the scenes at pleasure, excepting his own sense of propriety. It is difficult to discover exactly what restrictions do exist in this respect, for even now, while the mysterious noise of preparation resounds, occupants of the front parquet stalls occasionally lift the curtain before them, dart beneath it and appear at the sides, having evidently chosen this speedier method of getting out to a promenade along the somewhat narrow partition-tops; and little children, eager to explore the yet undivulged mysteries, leave their places, and running down the aisles, peer curiously into the dim arena, unmolested and without rebuke.

Half-past eight o'clock, an unusually late hour, and the house is two-thirds full, but the performance does not begin. We have yet time to take observations of the audience, which, gaily gossiping, seems to care very little for the delay. Most of those present have come prepared to make a day of it, and a half-hour more or less is of little moment to them. The *élite* appear to be in the upper boxes nearest the stage, although many fine dresses and aristocratic tournures are visible both in the lower boxes and the central stalls. On one side, far in front, there happen to be grouped, this morning, nearly 100 children, mostly girls, inexpressibly bewitching in their pretty, gentle, innocent glee. I am never tired of paying tribute to the loveliness of the better class of Japanese children. As they sit there, just beneath us, in their bright holiday attire, they form a picture which many a painter that I know of would give all his old pallets to get sight of, yet will not take a paltry month's voyage to find. For a contrast, we may turn to the rear upper boxes, which are in possession of a body of pleasure-seeking soldiers, whose appearance is not at all picturesque. The Japanese samurai, in his transition state from nobleman's retainer-at-large to national-guardian, is as far as possible from an object of beauty. On entering his new military career, he is expected to throw off his former graceful, but cumbrous robes, and adopt the garb of European armies;

and he does this not unwillingly, but awkwardly and by slow gradations. Instead of dashing boldly across the Rubicon of dress reform, he trifles on the brink, or plashes timidly and shallowly about, as if afraid of venturing too suddenly beyond his depth. The result is a series of the most extraordinary combinations that can be imagined : fantastic hair-dressings, which refuse to accommodate themselves to the regulation cap ; striped trousers rolled up to the thighs, to relieve the legs from an unaccustomed and oppressive warmth—misalliances of the long-sleeved flowing Japanese sack with tight-fitting breeches,—sometimes with nothing more than woollen drawers—and *vice versa*, of the broad-legged hakami with close jackets ; and in numerous cases, when all other obstacles have been overcome, a resolute adherence to the Japanese sandals and high pattens, which alone are sufficiently destructive to every pretension of military bearing, as we understand it. Valour, however, is not dependent upon accidents of apparel, and if there is one quality which the samurai is known to possess in a higher degree than any other, it is that of indomitable physical courage. Behind the cluster of soldiers is a small gathering of neat-looking servants, apparently in waiting upon certain lofty yacouns who occupy some of the best places in the house, and who are, in turn, attendants of a very distinguished officer who sits, with a small party, in a half-hidden recess, closely resembling one of those which in old-fashioned French theatres are situated upon the stage behind the curtain. It is satisfactory to know that a recognized representative of Japanese dignity and mystery is near us, but the real interest of the scene at present lies in the body of the house, among the stalls, which are more heterogeneously filled, and spiced with more variety. How polite, good-humoured, and sociable they all are ! There are obvious distinctions of rank in dress, but there are none, after the opening salutations of a conversation, in intercourse. Though probably all strangers, they smile and jest, and puff one another's health in pinches of tobacco, and interchange candies and fruits like life-long acquaintances. Candies and fruits ! There is abundance of these, for no London pit ever resounded more freely with cries of vendors of every known species of superfluous refreshment, and the trade they carry on is incessant, especially among the young folks, some of whom seem disposed to preclude all possibility of nourishing food, for that day at least, by surfeiting themselves with sweets at the outset. While we are amusing ourselves with the elaborate gravity with which these juvenile bargains are conducted, our friendly co-proprietor or manager's assistant, or whatever he may be, comes to us with information that the real business is on the point of commencing, and hands us a package of programmes to properly prepare our minds for the delights in store ; to break, one might say, the artistic shock to us. Ah ! these are indeed programmes. For amplitude of description and copiousness of illustration, the new worlds of Europe and America know nothing to compare with them. They are not slips or sheets of paper, but little books, neatly bound, and worth preserving as ornaments after

their immediate purpose has been served. They present a list of the day's proposed entertainments, with names of the actors and portraits of some of the most distinguished among them, followed by very full analyses of the various plots, with coloured illustrations of the principal scenes. Apart from their usefulness in the theatre, they are said to be amusing little volumes for all occasions. It is true that a price is put upon them, but it is very small, not more than a halfpenny for each. As we pay for them, we learn also the price of our admission. This varies according to the hour when the visitor arrives, and, as we are among the earliest, no charge can be higher than ours. It is little less than two "bu," about half a Mexican dollar apiece; and if anybody can tell me where else upon earth you can go through so much by paying so little, I should like to have him deliver his information forthwith.

The attention of the audience is presently arrested by a series of sharp sounds behind the curtain, caused by rapping two hard and solid blocks of wood together,—a very common form of notification everywhere in Japan, and one which, again, suggests the French theatrical method of warning. After a dozen or more of these raps, three blows upon a drum are heard, and the curtain is rapidly drawn aside from the left of the stage to the right, revealing, in the centre, a neat and tasteful garden-scene, than which nothing need be more complete or more correctly designed. Less effective views and less accurate "sets" are often seen in more than one New York and London, not to say Paris, theatre of pretension. The space occupied is small,—only about two-thirds the width of that disclosed by the withdrawal of the curtain, and extending to what might correspond to the third entrance in one of our average-sized houses—but it is well filled. Whatever other contradictions to literal fidelity we may observe, there is certainly none of that barbarous indifference which in Chinese theatres allows the orchestra to be seen in full and noisy operation *behind* the actors, and demands no further concession to stage illusions than a portable bush to represent a forest, or a paper gate to stand for a walled city. The scenic appointments of the Japanese are quite well enough in their way;—imperfect, of course, considered from our point, but excellent as far as they go. The disposition of their musicians, however, is open to severer criticism, of which, by-the-by, they are unsparing themselves, but seem reluctant to overthrow the old traditions, even while acknowledging their absurdity. From what would be their proscenium, if they had a proscenium, to what would be the edges of their first wings, if they had those, stretch two little galleries, or platforms, about five feet above the stage, in which the orchestras and choruses are stationed. There are generally three "samisen" or guitar-players, and three singers, on each side; and it should be mentioned that one of the justifications of their presence in so conspicuous a position is that the assistance of the choruses is supposed to be frequently required to explain the progress of the drama. Their tuneful commentaries do indeed elucidate a great deal that might otherwise be obscure, and obviate the necessity of much

dialogue and many soliloquies which, without some such substitute, would be indispensable. It is easy to say that the whole system is ridiculous, yet who shall determine where the line of musical illustration is to be drawn. In many of our melodramas at least one-half of the action is sustained by orchestral accompaniments, and nobody disputes the value of such effects; and if we attempt to apply logical tests, which is more unreasonable,—for a chorus to tell us what is secretly passing in the mind of a particular character, or for that character to proclaim it himself, in an outspoken soliloquy? And what mighty difference is there between being informed by three or four respectable middle-aged gentlemen in melodious unison, that “an interval of two months is supposed,” &c. &c., and reading the same upon a play-bill? The truth is, that there is no defence for either chorus or soliloquy, and not much for the impertinent and superfluous suggestions of play-bills, so we can afford to pass these questions unanswered. They need not, indeed, present themselves at all, in this opening scene of the Yedo theatre, for we presently discover that, before beginning the dramatic feast, a species of pantomimic prelude is offered, intended, perhaps, to simulate a propitiatory appeal to supernatural powers, or perhaps only to introduce the more diversified proceedings of the day by an act of formal greeting to the assemblage. The regular musicians, all dressed in rich but plain-coloured robes of state, having taken their accustomed places, the doors of a pavilion in the mimic garden are opened, and a dozen more imposing figures enter therefrom, bearing instruments which are not employed in the orchestras, though familiar enough to the Japanese;—namely, flutes, kotos,\* and little drums of curious construction and various in tone—some broad and shallow, like tambourines, some long and slender, and some contracted like hour-glasses. These gravely seat themselves in a row, as a line of chairless negro-minstrels might do, and, without much delay, open a lively tournament of cacophonous rivalry with their neighbours overhead. The entries in the lists, however, are very gradual, and some five minutes pass before the whole force of twenty-four is in united operation. An hour-glass drum, perched lengthwise upon the player's right shoulder, and smartly tapped with the fingers of the left hand, is first sounded, the performer's voice following it in a monotonous recitative. Samisens in the galleries next emerge from silence, at first softly and timidly, as if afraid of intruding, but presently, gathering boldness, with a rising energy that threatens to extinguish the solitary drum and calls for reinforcement below, which is hastily thrown in by the wry-necked fife. A sonorous platform chorister soon mingles in the emulous fray, provoking a vigorous rejoinder from the entire body of vocalists upon the floor. The twelve above reply with a flowing phrase. The twelve below

---

\* The “koto” is an instrument resembling a magnified Æolian harp, the strings of which are sometimes stretched upon a hollow box, but generally upon a large block of solid wood. Its tone is soft and melodious, and much more so than that of the “samisen,” which differs little from the banjo.

retort with a shrill stanza. Then all the drums are heard in a fine frenzy rolling, the samisens twitter, the kotos twang, and twenty-two pairs of lungs pour forth their utmost volume. Two flute-players alone, having their mouths as well as their hands full, and being unacquainted with the American art of singing through the nose, are forced to abstain from swelling the choral strain. But the tumult is sufficient with only their partial co-operation, and so, lustily and vigorously, for some sixty seconds, without interruption, the acoustic anguish is prolonged.

Suddenly, without premonition, and with no apparent cause to inexperienced eyes, the commotion is multiplied by loud cries from the audience. Nothing has happened upon the stage to occasion such an outburst, but, following the gaze of the multitude, we perceive that two figures have entered from the rear of the parquet, and are now proceeding slowly down the aisles. The uproar of the populace is simply a demonstration of welcome. The actors are evidently familiar favourites; for, in addition to the usual welcome of cheers and clapping of hands, their names are shouted again and again by the more eager of their admirers,—a proof of extreme popularity. Unmoved by the applause, they glide majestically to the middle of the aisles, where they pause, salute each other and the audience, and then, in a series of easy undulations, their feet seeming never to leave the floor, move onward again toward the stage, having at last reached the centre of which, they stand motionless for a few seconds, in attitudes of singular freedom and grace. By this time the general agitation is subdued, and tranquillity reigns again. During the next ten minutes no sound is heard excepting the most gentle touches of the samisens and kotos, and an occasional cry of “Kimi-tayu” or “Juahachi”—the names of the performers, from some irrepressible enthusiast in the body of the house. Now is our opportunity for minute inspection. The characters represented are feminine, but the impersonators are men, as is always the case in Japan. As far as appearance goes, the disguise presents few difficulties; for it is the custom of all women of position to powder their faces and necks in such profusion as to make the imitation of the artificial complexion an extremely easy matter. Certain prescribed touches of pink paint still further facilitate the masking of the countenance, and the hair, of course, is counterfeited without trouble. It is in the movement of the body and the management of the dress that the cleverness of the actor is shown; and in these details the couple before us are undoubtedly accomplished experts. Excepting their tallness—and even this is not excessive—there is nothing about them to betray their real sex to the most penetrating observation. Every trace of masculine angularity and stiffness has been banished from their frames. But these characteristics, which are afterwards more curiously studied, do not at first strike us with so much surprise as the splendour of their apparel. Dresses more costly may sometimes be seen in Western theatres, but none at once so rich in material, so vivid in colour, and so perfectly tasteful and harmonious in their extraordinary brilliancy. The chief

materials are silk and velvet of the finest Japanese quality,—which means the finest quality in the world,—overwrought with fanciful embroidery, and glittering with crystals and polished metals. The two costumes are at first precisely alike in form, but so contrived in colour that one seems a blaze of gold, the other a glare of silver. The head of each actor is covered with a tall shining hat, from which a fringe of bullion falls, entirely concealing the hair. The throat and shoulders are swathed with glittering scarfs. A long robe, with sleeves of inordinate length, is lightly bound around the figure, closing in at the ankles, and suddenly expanding about the feet like an inverted lotus-leaf. The waist is encircled by the broad Japanese cestus, or obi, heavily knotted at the back, in which are sheathed innocuous weapons and ornaments of various design. The combinations of colour, and the effects produced by them, it is useless to attempt to describe; there is no proximate standard of previous recollection to measure them by. Moreover, one dress alone is not held sufficient for the occasion. A few stately gestures, and the hats and outer garments are thrown aside, disclosing a second and totally different attire, in no respect less striking than the first. And, presently, after a haughty sweep around the stage, a third is unveiled, the most superb of all. The bodies of the two comedians are now cleared for action, and a dignified dance begins. I say a dance, although it exhibits little of the activity which the word implies with us. In the feminine choreography of Japan there is no saltatory motion. The men are marvels of vivacity, but the women are always comparatively calm and subdued. Their feet do not appear to be lifted from the ground. They glide from spot to spot, with bodies rhythmically vibrating and arms seductively swaying, pausing now and again in postures of approved Oriental coquetry, to beckon with a fan-flirt or lure with a smile. But of animated action there is very little, and here this morning, less than usual, since the purpose of the performance is grave and austere, rather than jubilant and mirth-inspiring. Nevertheless it is full of grace, and is impressive from the elaborate precision with which the movements of the two dancers are blended; and we willingly join in the acclamations which ring through the house, as, after a final swoop and flourish of prodigious expanse, they dart beneath the hanging curtains of the pavilions, and vanish from public sight.

Now, amid the bustle which ensues—hum of conversation, cries of refreshment-sellers, and rattle of machinery upon the stage, we look to our programmes for what is to follow. *Bumbuku Chagama* is announced. *Bumbuku Chagama* is a typical dramatic subject in Japan, and shall therefore be explained. The literature of the country is full of fanciful legends and fables, some apparently derived from foreign sources, and arbitrarily adapted to Japanese traditions, some exclusively national, and illustrative of such crude mythology as here exists. In the latter, the grotesque ideals of the fox, the badger, or some other mysteriously endowed animal frequently figure. They are very old, generally very brief, and always extremely popular. Every child is familiar with hundreds of

them, since they are circulated profusely, in neat little pamphlets, drolly illustrated, at the cheap rate of about a dozen for a halfpenny. Theatrical versions of these tales form about half the stock-in-trade of the Yedo play-houses. As we shall by and by discover, the dramatizations do not strictly follow the course of the original fables; but such divergencies of this sort have always been the inalienable privilege of play-writers, from Shakspeare down to the lowest. Among them all, *Bumbuku Chagama* is one of the best known and most frequently represented. Why this is so nobody can satisfactorily explain, for it is only of average merit, and, as a mere narrative, has very little romantic, or even human, interest about it. But since it possesses a certain prominence, both as a favourite nursery fiction and an accepted theatrical theme, a double purpose may be served by offering first a literal translation, and afterwards showing in what manner it has been thought judicious to rearrange it for dramatic treatment.

BUMBUKU CHAGAMA; OR, THE BUBBLING TEAPOT.\*

"ONCE upon a time, it is said, there lived a very old badger in the temple known as Morin-ji, where there was also an iron teapot, called Bumbuku Chagama, which was a precious thing in that sacred place. One day, when the chief priest, who was fond of tea, and who kept the pot always hanging in his own sitting-room, was about taking it as usual to make tea for drinking, a tail came out of it. He was startled, and called together all the little bourgeois, his pupils, that they might behold the apparition. Supposing it to be the mischievous work of a fox or badger, and being resolved to ascertain its real character, they made due preparations. Some of them tied handkerchiefs about their heads, and some stripped their coats off the shoulders,† and armed themselves with sticks and bits of fire-wood. But when they were about to beat the vessel down, wings came out of it, and, as it flew about from one side to another, like a dragon-fly, while they pursued it, they could neither strike nor secure it. Finally, however, having closed all the windows and sliding-doors, after hunting it vigorously from one corner to another, they succeeded in confining it within a small space, and presently in capturing it.

---

\* It is extremely diverting to find the literati of Japan at loggerheads about the etymology of this title, and to learn that the result of their inquiries is very much like that which followed the investigations of the discoverer of "Bill Stamps his mark." The scholars have held that Bumbuku is a compound, the first syllable of which, Bun (here softened into Bum) signifies learning, and the second, Fuku (or Buku), wealth. There is no question about Chagama, which means teapot. Antiquaries desire that the name should thus be equivalent to "The Accomplished and Prosperity-bestowing Teapot," and the Chinese characters which they apply to it have this interpretation. But it appears that in the province of Sendai, where Morin-ji and the wonderful pot still exist, the word *Bumbuku* is currently used in simple imitation of a bubbling or gurgling sound, and may be indifferently applied to boiling water, running streams, or the mental processes of over-fanciful philologists.

† Customary preparations of labouring-men for any arduous toil.

"While they were variously consulting what they should do with it, a low merchant, whose business it was to collect and sell waste-paper, entered opportunely, and they showed him the teapot, with the view of disposing of it to him, if possible. He, observing their eagerness, offered for it a much lower price than it was worth; but as it was now considered a monstrous thing in the temple, they allowed him to have it, even at the unfair valuation. Greatly rejoiced, he took it and hastily carried it away, and reached his home well satisfied with his bargain, looking forward to a handsome profit the next day, when he hoped to sell it to some lover of tea-drinking.

"Night came on, and he laid himself down upon his cushions to rest, and, covering himself with blankets, slept soundly.

"But at a late hour, toward the middle of the night, the teapot once more changed itself into the form of a badger, and came out from the waste-paper basket in which it had been placed. The merchant was aroused by the noise, and caught the teapot while it was in flight; and, by treating it kindly, gained its confidence and affection. In the course of time, moreover, it became so docile that he was able to teach it rope-dancing and various other accomplishments.

"The report soon spread that Bumbuku Chagama had learned to dance, and the merchant was invited to various great and small provinces, where, also, he was summoned to exhibit the marvel before the daimios, who bestowed upon him large gifts of gold and silver. In course of time he reflected that it was only through the teapot, which he had bought so cheap, that he had become prosperous, and felt it to be his duty to return it again, with some compensation, to the temple. He therefore carried it thither, and telling the chief priest the story of all his good fortune, offered to restore it, together with one-half of the money he had gained.

"The priest, well pleased with his gratitude and generosity, consented to receive the gifts. The badger was made the tutelary spirit of the temple, and the name of Bumbuku Chagama has remained famous in Morin-ji to the present day, and will be held in remembrance until the latest ages as a legend of ancient times."

That is the whole story, as it stands in popular literature. How it has been amplified and adorned for the stage, we shall now see.

As the curtain is drawn aside, we faintly discern the interior of a priest's apartment in the temple. The existence of an outer wall toward the spectators is of course left to the imagination, but a door is outlined, by which the room communicates with a garden, the shrubbery in which is thickly laden with snow. It is a stormy night, and the effect of gloom is augmented by the closing of most of the large windows in the roof of the theatre. The wind moans, and the branches of the withered trees rustle uneasily. Upon the mats within, the chief priest sits or kneels beside his *hibachi* (fire-bowl), reading by the dim light of a large paper lantern. The iron teapot hangs upon the inner wall. The warmth and

repose of this interior contrasts keenly with the restless discomfort of the scene outside.

Entering by one of the aisles, a huntsman advances, clothed in furs, carrying his matchlock on his shoulder and his game-bag on his thigh. In pantomime he bewails the hard fortune of the day. The falling snow has extinguished his fuse when he most needed it. His fingers, cramped by frost, have failed him at the moment of firing. He has lost his usual steadiness upon the slippery ground, and missed his aim repeatedly. He is weary, cold, and hungry. All this is admirably told in silent action. Suddenly he discovers the light in the temple. He runs and asks admission. The old priest receives him hospitably, listens with interest to the tale of his misadventures, brings him cushions from behind a screen, and goes out in search of food, leaving directions for the huntsman to prepare hot-water in the teapot.

The gratified guest takes the huge vessel from its hook, and hangs it over the hibachi. A terrible shock awaits him. No sooner is the influence of the fire felt upon it than it opens in front, and a grinning badger's head protrudes. He recoils, awe-stricken and speechless, and while he glares upon the apparition, it changes to a human countenance,—that of a young and comely woman. He springs toward it, but at that instant the priest returns, and the teapot resumes its ordinary shape.

Trembling with excitement, the huntsman hurriedly tells the marvellous story of what has happened. The priest attempts to pacify him, intimating that his brain is disturbed by hunger and exhaustion. The huntsman protests, but the priest is unconvinced. His scepticism, however, is speedily overthrown. He approaches the teapot to throw in the fragrant herb, when lo! it vanishes, and in its place stands a blooming maiden, all agitation and timidity, shrinking with sensitiveness and cowering with confusion. The priest and huntsman, though greatly perplexed, are dazzled by her charms, and endeavour to reassure her; and she, coy and reluctant for a while, consents at last to be comforted. We observe that she resolutely keeps her face toward her entertainers; but when she turns her back in our direction, we, the audience, discover that the beautiful young lady has a bushy tail. This piece of caudal confidence is intended to let us into the secret that, in spite of seductive appearances, the fair visitor is in reality an imp of mischief, and still a badger at bottom. But the two victims are completely deluded.\* The priest again retires, to fetch other refreshment, especially suited to the delicate taste of his new guest. The huntsman and the beauty being left alone, flirtation ensues. From flirtation the transition is rapid to ulterior consequences, and a succession of scenes is enacted, almost as indescribable as some of those in Offenbach's *Gerolstein* or *Généviève*. The priest, returning, flutters, rages, writhes with jealousy. He is guilty

---

\* This trick of badgers and foxes turning themselves into women to mislead weak mortals is frequent in Japanese fable.

of a meanness alike unbecoming to his character as a host and as a disciple of Buddha. He peeps through a crevice in the screen. What he discovers, or thinks he discovers, may be imagined from the fact that, on the reappearance of the mysterious stranger, he essays the military manœuvre of flanking her, and cutting off her rear. She is adroit and agile, but the priest, though aged, is animated by a triple energy. He is consumed by curiosity, his moral senses are shocked, and the fiend of jealousy urges him on. Moreover, the lady is so eagerly faced by the huntsman that she has little opportunity for afterthought. The priest at length finds his opportunity, and seizes it. He seizes, also, the betraying member—the tell-tail. Then his eyes are fully opened. The disguise falls, and we behold no longer a woman, but a badger unadorned, an unpalliated ground-hog, an *ursus meles*, unmitigated and undissembled. With the huntsman, however, the illusion is prolonged. He has still faith in the feminine fraud; and while the priest is now chasing a four-footed fact with a bushy tail, he is pursuing a frolicsome phantom of his own species, with bright eyes, soft lips, and a dainty artificial complexion. The ardour of the priest at length prevails. The badger, incapable of longer maintaining its double identity, leaps once more into the teapot, which is grasped by the priest and hurled from the window. The huntsman, with a wail of despair, flings himself after it, and the benevolent Buddhist, resolved to prosecute his good work to the end, also clambers laboriously forth, uttering cries of remonstrance and warning.

The scene slowly changes to a cemetery. Dusky grave-stones are rimed with frost, and *ignes fatui* are flitting from mound to mound. The teapot lies upon the ground, as empty and desolate as the rest of the picture. It is evident that the badger has escaped. The huntsman runs in, looking from side to side, peering behind monuments, and listening acutely for his lost treasure. He espies it. It is there, half-hidden behind a bush. As it moves swiftly away, he follows it. The priest appears, catches sight of the retreating forms, and starts again in pursuit. We may judge that he intercepts the fugitives, for he soon returns, driving the badger before him, and belabouring it with his lantern-stick. The chase is long continued, the sprite always showing itself in human form when the huntsman is near, and resuming its natural shape when approached by the priest. Before long other badgers join the fray, and for a while we have a wild hunt of the *Freischütz* order—a sort of Oriental Walpurgis witch-dance. But nothing can elude the persistence of the priest. Harassed and worn-out, the original badger once more seeks refuge in the teapot. The priest, with the fragment of a tombstone, shatters the receptacle to atoms. As it breaks, some mysterious spell seems to be broken with it. The obnoxious animals retire howling. The gravestones fall, and reveal flowers and pleasant architectural images. The churchyard is transformed into a smiling garden, and in the midst stands lovely woman, this time without a tail, as we are permitted to perceive, released from her enchantment, and ready to reward her adorer.

He capers with glee, the priest beams benignantly upon them, and all ends as it should end—abruptly, but happily.

This may serve as a fair description of the average Japanese drama. Of course the supernatural element does not prevail in all, but it is very frequently employed and is always heartily welcomed. We find, as the morning goes on, that lively comedies, and plays of the class which we call "domestic," are common; and historic episodes of political intrigue and warlike achievement are particularly favoured,—almost as much so as the fables. One of the most agreeable to us—perhaps from the fact that we recognize in it an old acquaintance—is a pure fairy romance, called *Momotaro*, the story of which is a simple modification of our *Fair One with the Golden Locks*, the three friendly animals being in this case a pheasant, a monkey, and a dog. In all of them there is much to enjoy, something to admire, and a little to laugh at. The acting has more merit and fewer faults than we could have expected. In the portrayal of violent emotions, of pride, terror, or rage, these histrions could not be anywhere surpassed. Their truthfulness never wavers, and, as a trifling commentary, it may be mentioned that during a certain ghost-scene a party of children in the audience are so infected with the assumed fright of one of the actors that they jump from their seats and scamper out of the house in dismay. What is more, the actor in this scene, having fallen to the ground in an agony of alarm, and being obliged to make his exit at the moment, literally writhes himself along the aisle and out of sight in a series of convulsive throes, without once disturbing the illusion. He is upon the dangerous line of the ridiculous all the way, but he never oversteps it. In the gentler passions, however, they are less successful, and we, of course, are not to be deceived by any serious love-making, when we know that both the parties to it are of the stouter sex. We scoff at sentiment where we spy a beard under the muffler. But in lighter comedy, or farce, this is a matter of less importance. And, truly, the fellows are astonishingly clever in their feminine airs and graces. As we saw before, the mimicry of personal appearance is perfect enough; but an insurmountable difficulty lies in the voice. The Japanese actors do not attempt, like the Chinese, to speak in a strained falsetto, but maintain their natural tones; and in this they are judicious, for, although they may not reproduce the real softness of womanly utterance, they at least avoid downright absurdity, which the Chinese never do. I am prepared to say that, taken as a whole, the Japanese comedians, as illustrators of the manners and feelings of their countrymen, are on a level with those of any Western nation. There is proof of close study and of genuine culture in all their performances, and their most obvious error is not strictly a defect of art, but a defiance of nature.

The curtain having closed upon a particularly thrilling climax of bloodless carnage and animated death, our good-natured assistant-manager, or something, who has hovered protectingly about us all day, comes again to the door of our box, and tells us, in a whisper, that the interval before the

next performance will be long, and that, if we like, we may accompany him upon a short visit behind the scenes. This is indeed a privilege. We follow with alacrity, and soon find ourselves in the midst of that familiar confusion and disorder which, I suppose, must always be the same wherever the theatre flourishes. One touch of the coulisses makes the whole world kin. Carpenters are rushing about, balancing heavy "flats" against the air, property-men are gathering together and redistributing their stores, and the stage-director is dancing diabolically around, execrating everything, and generally deporting himself with the fury and ferocity which, as is well known, are necessary to keep the drama from going to the dogs. Are we really in Japan? Why, this might be an entr'acte in any Metropolitan theatre where pure English is supposed to be spoken. There is a degree of politeness here, amid all the hurry, which might elsewhere be thought to conflict with high art; but in all other respects, we, who have penetrated these mysteries in many climes, are entirely at home. Our conductor insists upon leading us upstairs, downstairs and into the actors' chambers, assuring us that we shall not intrude, but, as strangers, will be perfectly welcome. We are shown the windlass by which the stage is turned, the contrivances for wind-whistling and rain-pattering, the paint and property rooms, and are finally introduced to the presence of the principal players, all of whom, assisted by their dressers, are arraying themselves for the coming representations. They receive us very pleasantly, but are too busy to talk, as we well understand, and so after a formal salutation, we speedily leave them. One gentleman, however, gorgeously clad in nothing but paint, whose preparations are quite completed, constitutes himself our companion from this point, and directs our attention to a number of interesting details. We remark that we have not yet witnessed any of his acting, but that, in compensation, we shall see a great deal of him when he does appear; referring, mildly, to his nakedness. He is pleased to catch the subtle humour of our jest, and he explains that he is to personate a "beto," or groom—one of a class which is distinguished all over Japan by profuse and elaborate tattooing; and that he has been all day in the hands of a painter, who, as we see, has cleverly imitated the permanent decorations of the ostler tribe. In order to properly qualify himself as a "beto," he has relinquished some of his best parts to other players. Is not this real devotion? Could the enthusiasm of that tragedian who, in *Othello*, blacked himself all over, be carried to a higher pitch?

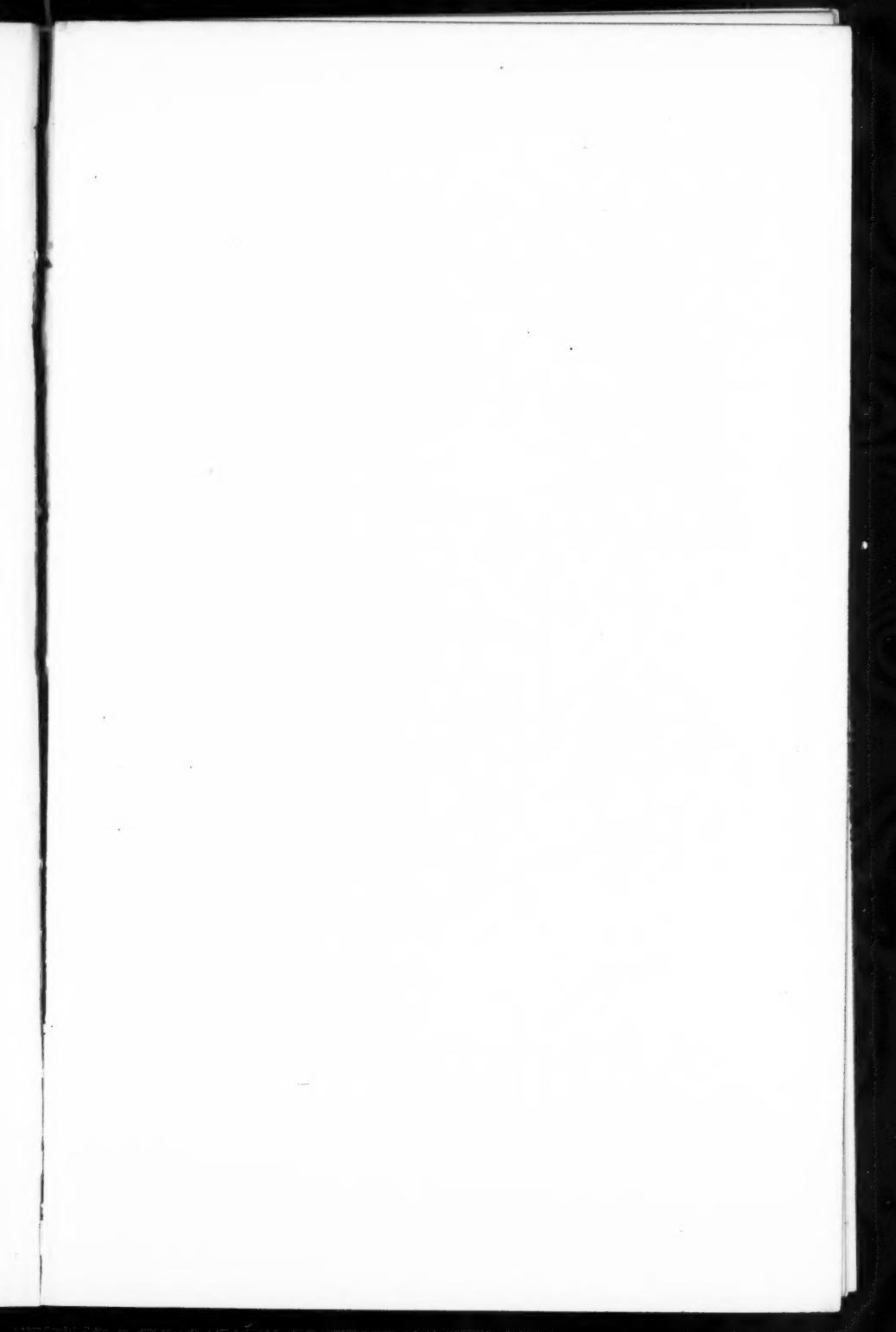
The sounds of the samisens warn us away, and we return to our box to find the stage cleared for a species of ballet. Numerous dances follow one another, some very merry, some more subdued, but none so rigidly grave as that which opened the events of the day. Pantomime enters freely into this performance. There is a fan dance, in which that omnipresent toy is put to more coquettish uses than ever a *Rosina* dreamed of. There is a shuttlecock dance, the implements of which, like Macbeth's dagger, are but of the mind, but are capitally suggested by appro-

priate gesticulation. A favourite game with an elastic ball is worked into a dance; and it is delightful to see with what mock energy the supposed ladies compete for the possession of the plaything—which does not exist—and, having obtained the airy nothing, how each one in a stooping posture chases it about, withholding it to the last possible moment from other claimants. There are plenty of dances by men as well, and they amply supply all that the women lack in activity. They have their own shuttlecock game, and the violent struggles they depict, the collisions and overthrows, the mortification at missing a stroke, and the elation when especially successful, are irresistibly ludicrous, particularly as there are no shuttlecock and battledore all the while. In the same way they go through the movements of the butterfly tricks, of a certain dexterous feat with a looped handkerchief, and of vaulting exercises, the material fabrics being equally baseless in every case. Towards the end of this divertisement an "umbrella dance" is introduced, full of ingenious developments and strange surprises. The umbrella dances which we have seen at home are stupid bores. Here the instrument is so contrived that, although when shut it is quite ordinary and insignificant in appearance, with no "points that any other umbrella might not have," when opened, it assumes, at the will of the holder, a dozen different shapes, colours, and dimensions. The various combinations are thus made to resemble a brilliant pyrotechnic display. And the variety of uses to which they are put! Half-closed, they are worn as high-peaked hats. With the handles bent they are disposed upon the stage to imitate beds of flowers, among which the dancers promenade. Rolled edgewise over the ground, they become the wheels of a harlequin coach, in which the queen of the ballet seems to ride. We really have seen nothing like it on any of the continents. The closing dance is not so entirely foreign in character. The women still retain their gentle stateliness, but on the part of the men it is a kind of raging cancan, worthy of the habitués of the Mabilles, or even their coarser caricaturists, those Bedouins of the stage who, unsexed from the crown to the toe, figure in New York burlesques.

The afternoon programme presents very little that is new. We have another historical sketch; a ghost-story, in which a dreadful cat first as a magician destroys, and afterwards as an animal devours, an entire family; a comedy, not long but extremely broad, and a second ballet. As twilight approaches, and we are preparing to leave, we are exhorted to wait yet a little, and witness what the French call a *Solennité*,—a first representation, and by candle-light, which latter condition is most unusual. Of course we consent to remain. Just before the termination of the ballet, a device well known in our theatres is practised. An actor, dressed simply as a citizen, rises from among the audience, and, attracting attention by cries and eccentric gestures, makes his way to the stage, having reached which he changes his tone, and announces that his purpose was only to gain the public ear and give information of the novelty in store which is not set down in the bills. Everybody had risen to depart, but now every-

body sits down again, and immediately after, we see, through the increasing darkness, an immense number of people pouring in from the street, who rapidly fill every corner of the house. It appears that on the occasion of a first performance, which always takes place at the close of a day, the theatre is thrown open and any person may enter gratuitously. This is undoubtedly intended to accomplish what at home is done by the newspapers. If a piece is well received, the favourable report of 1,000 individuals is a good advertisement, and, indeed, is almost the only kind of public announcement possible in this place. As we have sometimes remarked in other communities, these free comers are the most exigent of all auditors. While others are patient and calm, they immediately begin a series of clappings, poundings and cat-calls that carry us back in imagination to Drury Lane on Boxing Night or the Bowery in a bad temper. Before the stage arrangements are ready, twilight has deepened into dusk; and to dispel all doubt about the growing darkness, a number of attendants proceed to render it visible by planting six dim candles along the line which with us is occupied by foot-lights. It is a fine specimen of what the emendator of *Paradise Lost* calls "transpicuous gloom." When the curtain is drawn, it is wholly impossible to distinguish any object, and it becomes a question whether we shall not have to content ourselves with colloquy and imagine the action. But we have not yet fathomed the resources of the establishment. As the two actors who first take part in the new piece approach by the aisle, we see hovering before them a couple of Will-o'-the-wisp-like lights fastened to the ends of long rods, and carried by a pair of the dark attendants before mentioned. Whenever a new performer appears upon the scene he is preceded and made partially distinguishable by one of these, and when half-a-dozen are grouped together, the picture becomes weird and grotesque beyond description. This is so far outside the limits of possible illusion that we cease to regard the representation as anything but a curious experiment, and even thus considered, it soon fails to be amusing. The mass of the spectators, however, enjoy it amazingly, and are quite indifferent to the abnormal and incomplete method of illumination. They follow the play—a short farce—with keen intentness, shake the edifice with laughter over its comic incidents, and break out in a frenzy of applause at the close, which gives the actors ample assurance of a new success. The long theatrical day is at an end. Lights are extinguished, and, with 2,000 others, we blindly grope our way through intricate corridors and down precipitous staircases, and emerge with a sense of relief into the lively and well-lighted street. The last half-hour, certainly, has been a little oppressive; for the rest—I have my own conviction, as you may suppose, but one opinion, however sincere, does not make a verdict. May I have yours? And knowing mine, do you think you can agree with me?

E. H. HOUSE.





"AH, MURDERER! YOU HAVE DRAWN BLOOD FROM ME."

## The Last Master of an Old Manor-House.

A TRANSYLVANIAN TALE.

(From the Hungarian of PAUL GYULAI.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RETURN HOME.



THE court-house of Alexis Radnóthy was well known all along the course of the Little Küküllő.\* Properly speaking it was not a "court-house," as in Transylvania they are accustomed to call the country residences of the lesser gentry. Still less could it be called a "castle," which name is only applied to the old fortresses of the magnates, altered and adapted to the requirements of a more peaceful state of society, or to châteaux built on a grander scale than ordinary. The house of Radnóthy held a middle place between the two classes of residences, as did his family, which belonged neither to the class of their worships the squires, nor to that of their lordships the magnates, but

occupied that rank between the two which, in Transylvania, is marked by the style "his Grace."†

The manor-house in question was built on a high mound, whence it dominated the village, and cast long shadows at sunset or in the moonlight over the surface of the river in which its image was mirrored. It was a large four-cornered building without any inner court. As in this respect it differed from a magnate's "castle," so, on the other hand, it was distinguished from an ordinary "court-house," inasmuch as it was adorned

\* The central portion of Transylvania is drained by two tributaries of the Maros, known respectively as the Great and Little Küküllő.

† *Méltóság*.—This is one of several points noticed in the following story, in which Transylvania differs from Hungary proper, where "his Grace" ranks above "his Lordship." As the author addressed himself to the whole Hungarian public, such points are always noticed and explained in the text.

with four turreted bastions. It had but one floor,\* but its rooms were so lofty that it almost seemed to have another story. Its roof, of broad wooden shingles, stretched itself upward with prodigal caprice, while the escutcheon, carved in stone upon the pediment, of immense size, and already black with age, scoffed at the comparative youth of the ash-trees which had guarded the house for a hundred years. The covered terrace in front of the house commanded such a wide prospect that its owner might easily imagine the little villages scattered along the valley to be all dependent upon the manor-house.

The court-yard was of irregular extent. The level ground on the top of the mound formed the upper court, which was surrounded by a garden that stretched right down to the winding river. To the side of the house was attached the kitchen building, with its ever-smoking chimney, its covered terrace full of pickle-bottles, and its door of lattice-work, before which the stewardess, otherwise called the housekeeper, at once the controller, assistant, and, in case of need, substitute of the cook, continually made her appearance, now complaining, now scolding, as if on her were laid the whole burden of the household affairs. Here barked, or sought for bones, the great wolf-dog, called Maros,† whom the superstitious farm-servant had thus named after running water, in order that he might never go mad. Here there hung, on a wooden framework, a bell almost large enough to serve for a church bell. This was rung punctually three times a day,—at twelve to call to dinner the farm-servants; at one the domestics; at two the gentlefolk. This was done regularly by the lame little Mányi, a poor orphan girl, who had to look after the poultry, and especially the geese. She was very fond of the sound of the bell, and would have kept on pulling it for half an hour together if the angry housekeeper had not called out, “Wilt thou not have done, little frog?” Here the mistress of the house herself would come every morning to look round, to scold, to give work to the peasant-women, and alms to the poor. Here assembled of an evening the *élite* of the household, the housemaid, the valets, the hussar, the coachman, and the gardener, who was stiff and arrogant in his bearing and stood high in favour with the housekeeper.

It was not without reason that the gardener had a good opinion of himself. The garden entrusted to his care might be called a little province. It did not resemble an old French garden or a modern English park, but was a true original Hungarian garden, which, bountifully favoured by nature, contained within its bounds all things in abundance, flowers, fruits, vegetables, beehives, a house for drying grapes, a distillery for peach and plum brandy, a couple of meadows, a good piece of woodland, and—on the side adjoining the village burial-ground—the family vault. This order in disorder, this thrift in the midst of waste, this combination of care and neglect gave the garden a certain bizarre charm and a wild sort of beauty.

\* Country-houses in Hungary, and even houses in towns built by the Magyars, e.g. Debreczen, as a rule, have only a ground-floor.

† The principal river in Transylvania.

The gardener always belonged to one of the subject peasant families, and his office descended as an inheritance from father to son. Each one in turn added to the ancestral stock of knowledge, and devised something new. The father of the present one was the most restless of them all. He was a man of travel and experience, and had returned home, his head full of plans, which he was never able to carry out. Nevertheless, the row of linden-trees which formed a circle at the most charming point of the garden, was his work. It was adorned by a little summer-house painted blue on a white ground, and around it were scattered irregularly rings of green turf, and flowers set in pots, while hard by an immense stone Neptune poured a small brook of water through mouth and ears. Every Sunday the villagers came hither to admire it, and the children lounged for hours about the Neptune, and stuffed grass and tow into his ears. Frequently a great noise was heard coming from that quarter—the sound of blows dealt out by the gardener and the cries of the children.

In the lower court-yard arose an irregular group of farm-buildings. The whole space was overgrown with knotgrass, which looked like a worn carpet, adorned with footpaths crossing one another. One of these went straight to the house in which the farm-steward lived, and there turned toward the granary. Another led to the stables, and ended in the paddock for the young horses. A third went winding about among the henhouses and stalls, while the fourth split off into several branches leading to the barns. Each of these paths was crossed by another leading to the well, and most of them by the gravel carriage-drive, which trailed its proud length along from the pigeon-house gate\* up to the manor-house.

"Would that I had but as many florins as there are coaches which come here all day long," sighed more than once the half-witted buffalo herdsman, as he gazed with wonder at the carriages rattling into the court-yard.

Indeed, Radnóthy did not suffer from any want of guests; and, in consequence of his hospitality, he was for many years together "first *alispán* † in his county, and had a high-road immediately in front of his house. He watched carefully over the credit of the house. The pent-house in his court-yard was seldom without some stranger's coach in it. Attached to one of the posts of his gate there was continually stamping about the horse of some small freeholder or other, who had come to pay his respects or to take counsel about the politics of the county. Nor did pedestrians fail. Both the upper and lower courts positively sighed with the multitude of subject-peasants, who came in troops, hat in hand, to lay their cares and troubles before his grace the *alispán*. And then what a scene these courts presented on the occasions of his nameday or the triennial election of county magistrates, when they were crowded by his

\* The gateways of the old noble families in Transylvania are often roofed over by a pigeon-house stretching from post to post. There, as in France, the pigeon acted as collector of seigniorial dues.

† The first *alispán* was the superior elected official in a Hungarian county, and took precedence immediately after the *féispán* or lord-lieutenant, who was nominated by the Crown.

congratulating relatives or his zealous canvassers and supporters. Then whips cracked and horses neighed, until the scared house-dog slunk away from the tumult. The guests came driving in hard upon the heels of each other, timid women screamed, and the busy servants almost came to blows. Then hoarse shouts and cheers gave way to the sounds of gay music, and the intoxication of the dance mingled with that of wine. Above in the ball-room, out of doors before the house, and down in the court-yard, everywhere the earth shook, the air rang again, and hearts beat faster, while through its illuminated windows the ageing house looked out upon the night, as if in renewed youth, and proclaimed to the country round that its master was making merry.

But all this had passed away by the time our story begins. The manor-house was mourning over its desolation and poverty, and could scarcely be recognized as the same. Radnóthy himself regarded it with wonder, as if it were not his, and yet he had only been a year and a half away from it. But this year and a half was more than a century, and had swept away much older and more important matters than a manor-house. Radnóthy had not been at home since the autumn of 1848, having fallen ill at Kolozsvár, where he kept his bed for almost a year, and after that remained for a long time too weak to be moved. In the meantime a great revolution had passed over the country like a storm, and Transylvania had become the scene of terrible battles and ravages. It was no wonder that he hardly recognized his manor-house. Indeed, the house scarcely recognized its master. He, too, was no longer what he had been. He was very much broken and aged. On his sad, worn face only the traces of its former expression were to be found. It is true that his small black eye still gleamed, but now it was with a certain angry melancholy. His moustache was not trimmed, and he had grown a long beard which lent a still sterner expression to his face. His dress, too, was more neglected, and might even be called shabby. His tunic, trimmed with foxes' fur, was stained and spotted, and the braid on it was beginning to get untwined. His cap of otter-skin was moth-eaten, and was cocked now on the right now on the left side of his head, as he shoved it about in his irritation and bad humour. All that remained to recall his better days were his half-covered state coach, which he had had made for the last county election, his old hussar István, who sat with his former smartness on the box, and his three dapple grey horses, who trotted along as cheerfully as if they were conveying their master home from the county-house.

On former occasions not only the horses trotted along cheerfully, but their master too was in good humour. It was almost always with a feeling of calm satisfaction that he drew near to his ancestral home, where everybody was waiting, ready to greet him on his return. The smoke rising from between the little turrets on the roof beckoned to him from far; the murmur of the mill-stream saluted him ever louder and more affectionately as he approached; the trees of the garden received him with greener leaves or more opened flowers, or riper fruit; often

did his eye rest with satisfaction on a new rick or stack added to his store; the bells of his flock returning to their fold sounded a hearty "good-evening" in his ears; and the setting sun seemed to linger in his downward course merely to light up again for him the finest points of the landscape or the figure of his wife sitting on the terrace, who had already recognized the well-known coach and was waving her handkerchief towards him. At that time he thought little of such things, but now he remembered even the smallest details. They were recalled to his mind by the tottering chimneys of the manor-house, its ruined turrets, its crumbling roof, its broken windows, its walls yellowish-green with mildew, the court-yard lying deserted, all the signs of devastation and neglect; and, lastly, the only building which had been left uninjured, the family vault, was seen looming through the twilight, as if to remind him that there his wife was waiting for him.

But, however violent were the passions which consumed Radnóthy, his countenance remained calmly serious. He did not wish to be pitied by his servants, least of all by the hussar István, who continually looked round from the box into the carriage, and wished to speak. The poor fellow for a long time got no further than the intention. Since his master had become ill and unfortunate, he seldom knew how to hit on what would please him. If he spoke, he did wrong; if he held his tongue, that was wrong too. If he would but get honestly angry with him, and give him a blow on the neck, as he used to do in old times, what good it would do him! He had certainly deserved it. Even now he would endure anything, if he might but be allowed to speak. To say the truth, all that here caused his master pain, pained him too; he had been brought up here, here he had spent his life and had grown old. At last his feelings could be restrained no longer.

"Ah! your Grace, how everything here is going to rack and ruin!" he exclaimed, and, as it happened, at the very worst time he could have chosen, for just then the coach jolted into a rut.

"What are you gabbling about? What is it to you? Here we shall be upset in broad daylight and in front of my own manor-house," cried out Radnóthy, angrily, being as glad to break silence as his servant was.

Meanwhile hussar István had jumped down, and held up the coach on the left side, although he need not have done so, for his master was not so much angry with him as with the bad road, which used to be as smooth as the floor of a room, and with those who, once his subject-peasants, would have doffed their hats to him while yet a good way off, but now stood staring and hardly nodded to him.

Nor did any satisfaction await him in the court-yard. He could hardly make out the ruins of what had once been his delight. No servants made haste to meet him; no unyoked oxen hid the watering troughs from sight; no servant-girls were milking the cows; no work-people were sitting round the millstone which served as a work-table. Nor did even the farm-steward come out to meet him, that faithful fellow who had been

in his service for thirty years, and who never failed, when at home, to run out to meet the carriage, and acquaint his master with all that had happened during his absence. And then, where were the dear children, Géza and Érszi, the hopeful inheritors of his ancestral estate and his honoured name? How many times had they come running down to meet him, and see if he had brought them anything from the town! Now there was nobody to receive him, only the half-witted buffalo herdsman lounged in the yard. He seemed to have been promoted to the dignity of farm-servant, and with the help of a small boy was indolently unyoking four lean oxen, and stared at his master with as much astonishment as if he had been a stranger. Grass had overgrown the footpaths; the rains had washed the carriage-drive bare of its gravel, while the pigs had rooted up the young acacias and sumach-trees planted on each side of it. The stalls and barns had either fallen down or were gaping empty at each other. The cornfloor was unoccupied. The hedge was everywhere broken down, and the servant-girl was shamelessly and before his eyes taking some of it away to burn on the hearth. Even the very house-dog would not recognize him at first, but began baying at him, till the sound of his name, uttered in an imperative tone, made him come crouching to his feet.

The baying of the dog at last brought out the farm-steward—a short, thick-set man, in dirty shirt, ragged hat, and with long-stemmed pipe. Radnóthy now for the first time saw this steward, whom one of his friends had sent thither the year before, as his old steward had been murdered by the insurgent Wallachs. But would that he had never seen him! The whole appearance of the fellow displeased him. Perhaps it was because he regretted the old one; perhaps it was on account of the disgraceful noise made by the new one, who began running about and bawling out that “his Grace” had arrived, that his wife should get ready a good supper for him, that they should send to the next village for some good wine, and to the Jew for a couple of candles, and that they should give the driver and the horses all they wanted. Radnóthy regarded with much greater satisfaction lame little Mányi, who ran to meet him with joy, and sobbed as she kissed his hand. His sainted wife had taken this crippled orphan into the house and she was now the only representative of the whole household; in seeing her consisted the whole pleasure of coming home.

Thus he moved along towards the house in melancholy musings, here and there standing still and asking questions without waiting for an answer. But the steward, on his part, answered without waiting to be questioned. He talked about everything, and everything at once; he blessed the good Providence that had brought the master home—he could now get his estate into order; child of man could not imagine how the insurgent Wallachs had overturned and plundered everything; he had toiled night and day to get things together, had run hither and thither till he was quite worn out with fatigue, had turned up the ground with his very nose, so as to get the estate into the same condition as it was before,

indeed his Grace could see with what results. One part of the manor-house was already habitable—his Grace's own room was quite a paradise; of the plundered furniture he had recovered a good deal—some out of the third, some out of the fourth village; he had paid a good deal of money for them, but that his Grace would, doubtless, repay him; farming went on somehow, but produced no income, as all the money was required to re-stock the farm; another great trouble was that the former subject-peasants had occupied certain pieces of land; as for the rest, he had let almost the whole of it out on the *metayer* system, for the price of labour was very high and the *curialists*\* would neither work nor pay rent, especially the Wallachs; there was not enough cattle to stock the farm, and then the taxes, the billeting of soldiers, and law expenses swallowed up all that the estate brought in; in fact, he had had to put to it some of his own money, small sums, certainly, but disbursed just at the right time, for they had saved his Grace's *curia*† from downright disgrace.

To all this Radnóthy listened as a miller does to the hum of his mill. He was thinking of something else. He examined the ash-trees around the house, which had some claims to be considered historical, inasmuch as Apafi, Prince of Transylvania, had twice taken his afternoon refectio‡ under the shadow of their branches. He looked at his escutcheon of stone on the pediment, which had suited the noble building so well. To speak more correctly, he regarded their ruins, for the escutcheon lay broken to pieces on the ground, while the trees had withered away, their trunks scorched with fire. He bowed his head with humiliation. The broken escutcheon seemed to him to portend the destruction and degradation of his family. The noisy gabble of the steward accorded ill with his silent musings and suppressed emotions. Once or twice Radnóthy looked the man full in the face and was about to bid him keep silence, but instead of doing so he began—he himself knew not why—perhaps from absence of mind—to pay attention to what he was saying. The steward wanted nothing more. He began to speak in a still louder voice, to assert at length and with more vehemence that the expenses were immense, and the income nothing.

"Mr. Steward then supposes that I have brought money with me—ducats by the sack, dollars by the bushel?" broke in Radnóthy, angrily, getting up from a broken-down turf seat on which he had hardly seated himself.

"Suppose, gracious sir! Certainly; but I should like to see them; though, for the matter of that, I should be contented with paper money," said the steward, laughing.

---

\* What these were will appear in a subsequent chapter.

† By *curia* is meant not only the house of a "noble" or freeman, but also the land around it in his own occupation, and partaking, so to say, of the sanctity attaching to the house.

‡ *Ozsonna*, the *Jause* of the Germans, taken midway between an early dinner and a late supper.

"What are you sniggering about? Do you suppose that you can rob me and make sport of me too?" continued Radnóthy, trembling all over with excess of rage. "How dare you appear before me in your shirt? Take your hat off; hold your tongue!"

This burst of passion, properly speaking, had not so much reference to the steward as to those people who had broken his escutcheon, set on fire his ash-trees, and laid waste his property. The cup of his bitterness was filled to the brim. It must run over, and that on the first person he came in contact with. For that reason the steward would have done well if he had held his tongue, and not disturbed his master's melancholy reflections, who had, perhaps, already forgotten what he had said, and who was most of all vexed because he could not doubt the truth of what was told him: the ruin and desolation were but too apparent. But the steward was wont to make everybody around him accustomed to his rough ways, and just now he thought it especially necessary not to let a suspicion, well founded although expressed at random, strike root in his master's mind.

"Hold my tongue indeed! No, not if they were to cast me into the fire," he began with great vehemence. "Were I to do so I should be doing your Grace wrong, I should be cheating you, deceiving you; I should deserve to be turned off. I a thief! Gracious heavens! Where could I find anything to steal? With the worst intentions I could not have robbed you. On the contrary, I have paid several florins already out of my own pocket. But, indeed, I am not surprised. Your Grace has but just arrived, has no idea of the state your property is in, has no idea how difficult it is to farm now-a-days."

"What! You dare to answer me, do you? Get out of my sight. I don't know my own property.—Impudence! I don't know anything about farming.—Blockhead! I live upon charity.—Scoundrel! Clear out of my court this very day, this very instant."

"That's it, is it?" exclaimed the steward in his alarm, surprise, and anger, clapping his hat on his head again. "Is this the thanks I get? To be treated like a dog. That's what comes of serving such a beggar of a master. I know well what your Grace wants. To bring an action for damages against me, to screw money out of me and then to turn me off. But not that way lies Buda. Times have changed; there is no longer any county; \* the poor man, too, gets his part taken; your Grace is no longer *alispán*—thank God that you are not——"

He would have gone on at greater length were it not that István, who had been carrying the luggage up to the house, hearing the noise, hastened to the spot and gave him such a shove that the squat little fellow flew rather than ran down the steep side of the mound; nor was he able to stop himself till he reached the lower court, where he fell flat on his nose.

\* The Hungarian county was not merely an administrative territorial division; it was also a corporation (*universitas*) of "nobles" or freemen, who governed the district subject only to the limitation of the laws and some interference on the part of the Crown.

Radnóthy turned away without one word of praise for the faithful servant who had so vigorously enforced the respect due to his master. He stood as it were stunned, just as if somebody had given him a slap in the face. The rude words of the steward still rang in his ears, still he reflected to himself, "How could that lout have dared to say such things to me?" Those few rough words had planted a thousand stings in his soul. Now, for the first time in his life, he felt himself humiliated. Presently his feelings became, as it were, blunted; he neither felt nor thought of anything, and an expression of stupid insensibility settled on his countenance. The landscape around, now fading away in the shades of evening, smiled on him for the last time before disappearing; he regarded it steadfastly, but saw nothing. The sharp, chill breeze of a spring evening sprang up, but he did not feel it, nor draw his tunic closer around him. Gay music sounded from the village public-house, which was now beginning to get lively, but he did not remark it. Only when the bell sounded for supper did he rouse himself. Little Mányi was pulling it with all her might, in her joy that there was now no cross housekeeper to scold her. He stood listening, like a child listening to some tinkling toy. Ah! they were the well-known sounds of old days;—and tears fell from his eyes.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### LIFE AMONG RUINS.

THUS did the old squire return to his ancestral home. The first hour he spent there was a fair sample of his life for days, weeks, months. He could not in any way feel himself at home. He was like Rip Van Winkle, the hero of a North American popular legend, who slept for seven years in a cave in the Kaatskill Hills; and when he returned home could not recognize his village, nor find either his own house or the tavern, which had, in the meantime, become an hotel, while its sign had been changed from "King George the Third" to "General Washington." In vain did he inquire after his boon companions. The schoolmaster had gone to Congress as a representative. Another of them had fallen in some battle or other. The tombstone of a third had already disappeared from the burying-ground. And so on, till the poor fellow exclaimed in despair, "Then nobody here knows Rip Van Winkle!"—Radnóthy had not slept, he had only lain on a sick bed, and that but for a year and a half; nor did he utter any such exclamation in his despair, but he was a hundred times more unhappy than was Rip Van Winkle.

He accustomed himself with difficulty to everything. He was for ever fluctuating between the past and the present. He could not learn to forget, for everything around reminded him of the past, and he gladly became oblivious of the present while he lived old days over again in melancholy reverie. It was as if some wicked fairy had taken up her abode in his rooms, who lulled him to sleep, woke him up again, enticed

him hither and thither, laughed in his face, and then left him in his bitterness. Often in the morning he put out his hand to reach the handbell, which the goldsmith had long ago melted down. Often did he ask István for clothes which had been worn out or cut up no one knew where. He was continually looking for his meerschaum pipes, which by that time were no doubt in the hands of their fourth purchaser. Then he would look for his smoking-cap, the last piece of embroidery his wife had worked, which he remembered very well to have put in a certain drawer. On such occasions he used regularly to get in a bad humour and break out into reproaches, although such had not been his habit. Then he generally found that his coffee had got cold, that he had forgotten to put any sugar into it, and began to look for the sugar-box. This of course he could not find, and so began to make a noise about it. István had to say three times over that there was not one single sugar-box in the whole house, and that the sugar was on the plate with the dry toast. His master too repeated three times, "Well, well, I hear; you bawl a man deaf." This, however, he seldom said angrily, but in a feeble, doleful manner.

And then the rooms in which he had lived so comfortably! The old furniture, to every special piece of which some precious memory was attached! The rooms were still there, but of the furniture nothing was left but fragments to torment its master and disturb his repose. He could not help stumbling on the floors which were here and there broken up, or else imperfectly repaired. If he sat down on his favourite, but now rickety, easy-chair, it would not keep quiet with him. Nor could he look at the walls without emotion, where his valuable weapons no longer gleamed, whence the ancestral pictures looked down on him defaced with cuts and smudges. On the venerable countenance of his grandmother some one had drawn a moustache with a piece of charcoal, and had stuck a common short pipe into the mouth of his grandfather. Nothing had been left uninjured; nothing was in its proper place. That blistered table stood formerly in the strangers' room.\* That clumsy, common-looking wardrobe they had brought in from the steward's room. The sofa was covered with stuff instead of leather, and as many different sorts of chairs were in the room as in the shop of a dealer in second-hand furniture. It was in vain that he tried to arrange them in better order. It was impossible to charm back the ease and comfort of former days. He left off in the middle of the task; then he began again; but soon got tired, and sat down to rest himself before his writing-table, on which stood in former days the large inkstand, the dish containing writing-sand, and bundles of papers, on one side those relating to his official duties, on the other those concerning his private affairs, tied up with tape and held down by marble paper-weights.

---

\* Before 1848, every Transylvanian country gentleman's house had at least a room, if not a separate building, in which poor scholars on their way to or from school, and other wayfarers, would be lodged for the night.

All these details now recurred to his memory. He remembered, too, how once on account of some complicated case he was sitting up very late with his *juratus*,\* but his wife kept continually opening the door, and begging him to go to bed and not ruin his health, till one word led to another, they began quarrelling, they themselves did not know how, and so the whole night through he neither worked nor slept.

"Poor wife!" sighed he to himself, and sadly pulled out the drawers of the writing-table, once provided with locks, but which had been forcibly broken open. In them he had been wont to keep the papers of which he was most careful, documents relating to his family history, settlements, contracts, and bonds. Of all these he now found no trace, not even the torn-up fragments. None the less did he look carefully for them for some time, and when at last he gave up the fruitless search, he leaned back in his chair, and began to reckon up the amount of the bonds. He remembered them as well as if he had them before his eyes. When he had finished his calculation, he struck his fist on the table and exclaimed, "Forty thousand florins!" in so loud and angry a voice that little Mányi, who happened to be passing by the window, gave a scream and ran away quite frightened.

The other rooms were in a still more deplorable condition. He went into every one two or three times a day, like some perturbed spirit that can find rest nowhere. The large dining-room, now empty, rang again when he entered it. He heard distinctly the echoes of his own steps, a thing he had never remarked before. This natural phenomenon made a great impression on him. He looked round to see if there was any one following him. Of course he saw no one, but what he did see was calculated to arrest his attention. There was his sideboard ruined, with its doors wrenched off their hinges; there hung the chain which had once held a chandelier, now broken; on the wall was the hook on which had been attached the clock, that old and valued piece of furniture, which had always gone so regularly, and when it struck the hour had been heard all over the house.

The parlour, his wife's bedroom, the rooms of his son, his daughter, and his guests were even more distressing to look at. There the broken remains of the furniture was piled up in a heap, and covered with dust and mildew. He, however, recognized them all and mourned over them for a long time. How, indeed, could he do otherwise? In the country, especially in the houses of our old-fashioned gentry, every piece of furniture has its own character, its history—we may say, its sanctity. The father inherited it from the grandfather, and the son cleaves to it from habit and sentiment. He seldom buys anything new, and, when he does, it is on some important occasion—at his marriage, or when he gets his promotion to some higher post, and such great events have a sort of

---

\* After passing his examination, a Hungarian law-student spent a couple of years assisting some judge or magistrate in his private judicial work, before setting up as an advocate. During that intermediate state he was called *juratus*, because he took an oath not to betray the confidence reposed in him.

consecrating power. Thus these memorials of family pride, or family affection, get more and more valued the more their owner advances in years. Radnóthy was quite overcome by his feelings as he examined the remains of his darling furniture, and took up every fragment and set it down again with as much delicacy and care as if it was still of some use.

This melancholy occupation, however, afforded him occasionally some slight pleasure. He found a few of his favourite books in the heap, his law-books, by the help of which he had passed his examination as a student, and the family Bible, which the religious prince, George Rákóczy I., had presented to one of his ancestors, and had written his name in it with his own hand, as is to be seen in the Bibles presented by him to several Protestant churches. Radnóthy sat down and turned over its leaves. It was so far sound and whole as to have lost only one of its silver clasps. It opened of itself at his favourite passages, as it did of old. On the blank leaf before the title-page the head of the family from time to time had carefully inserted the dates of his children's births, deaths, and marriages. There was his own handwriting, too. He read when he married, when his children were born, three had died, two still lived—God guard them better from the blows of misfortune than their father!—only the date of his wife's death had not yet been inserted. How, indeed, could it have been? Since then he had not been at home. Now, however, he would set it down. To do so was a duty that could not be neglected.

And he wrote, but with what difficulty! How bad the pen was! And the ink was quite colourless. It was a downright shame and disgrace; there was really nothing in the house. For all that, however, he wrote, and suffered greatly as he did it. The memory of his wife's death was renewed in his mind. He reflected what must have been the poor woman's alarms as she fled from her home in the middle of the night to a little town in the neighbourhood, thus barely escaping the hands of the insurgent Wallachs. He was not at that time at home, or he would have hastened to her assistance. But he was then lying prostrate on a bed of sickness at Kolozsvár. Nor would he have been in time; he could only have found her dead. She was not even buried as became her position. They had deposited her remains temporarily in a vault in the town church, and only later were they removed to the family vault. When, he knew not. He was then sick—sick unto death. Indeed, he had not quite recovered, and perhaps never should.

These continual irritations and aggravations used up what was left of his mental strength. The once active man became a melancholy, irritable, and eccentric dreamer. He could not apply himself either to work or to amusement. He attempted both one and the other, but as often fell back into his anger and melancholy. Where, indeed, could he look for any distraction? His old acquaintances could not very well visit him. One had fallen on the battlefield, another was languishing in prison, a third had gone into exile. If, however, some one did call on him, he grew angry and embarrassed because he could not entertain him in a suitable

manner. Involuntarily their conversation turned upon the Wallach insurrection. Radnóthy poured out his complaints, and his guest his. They reminded one another of the good old days, of the affairs of the county and the country, and as they talked of such things they grew sad and bitter at heart. Radnóthy now never looked at a newspaper. He turned with abhorrence and detestation from everything to which the new era had given being, were it idea, man, or book. It was only from one or two visitors that he learned what had happened of late in the two Hungarian countries;\* what regulations had been made by the Austrian Minister Bach; who had been appointed governor of Transylvania; into how many new-fangled administrative districts they had divided the Hungarian counties and the Székely and Saxon jurisdictions,† having first jumbled them all up together; how foreign officials had arrived in Transylvania, and everything was to be ordered according to a German standard—they would not leave the villages even their Hungarian names. When such news was told him, no matter how often he had heard it before, it always threw him into a terrible rage, which, in the course of the conversation, softened down into a profound sorrow, and at the end he bitterly bewailed the Hungarian constitution, nation, and king. Instead of affording him repose and refreshment, his visitors left him more excited and melancholy than before. The only occasions on which he brightened up were when he was told of some satirical anecdote about the new foreign officials, entitled *bezirkers*,‡ most of whom were from Galicia, and especially about the one who occupied in the district the place which Radnóthy had filled in the county. On such occasions he laughed, then sighed, and murmured between his teeth,—

They swept out Galicia;  
The dust-heap they watered;  
From the heap grew a fungus,  
Whence came a *bezirker*.

This was the only tune which he was now heard to whistle or to hum, the only novelty which gained his approval. He always smiled as it rose to his lips, then he sighed and relapsed into his usual melancholy.

No days caused him so much annoyance as Sundays and festivals. Not even at church could he recover his former cheerfulness and calm. Although his seat near the pulpit had remained uninjured, although the *kantor* § respectfully found him the psalms they were going to sing, what did it all avail now that he could no longer see his beloved pastor, who had grown old together with him. For some months past his place had been filled by a young clergyman to whom the old squire could by no means reconcile

---

\* Hungary and Transylvania.

† After 1849 the victorious Austrian government abolished the former territorial divisions of the country, and re-divided it into new administrative districts, just as the French Revolutionists broke up the old provinces into departments.

‡ From *Bezirk*, the German word for the administrative districts into which the Austrian officials divided the land.

§ A sort of parish clerk.

himself. He could not endure his bearded and moustached face, his short prayers, which he delivered in a voice which did not tremble with devout emotion, his worldly sermons, which were downright newspaper articles, and, above all, his new-fangled words, which were Radnóthy's especial abhorrence. But, for all that, he would fulfil his duties as patron. He would repair the roof, which stood greatly in need of it, he would improve the payment of the pastor, which the recent troubles had greatly diminished, but he had no money wherewith to do either. This was more than vexation; it caused him genuine sorrow, and still further destroyed the enjoyment of his Sundays.

He began to be ashamed of his poverty, as if it were a crime, and from time to time he applied himself to his farm with great zeal but with little perseverance. He made vague disconnected efforts, now in this direction now in that, but could not feel his way amid the novel circumstances which surrounded him. First of all he got into trouble with the steward he had sent away. The day after Radnóthy's return home the man went away, but left behind him an enormous account with the threat that, if his by no means modest claims were not satisfied, he would bring an action against Radnóthy. The latter simply threw both the account and the letter into a corner of the room with the conviction that no court of law would decide in favour of a steward who had taken advantage of the troublous times and his master's absence to cheat and rob him, and demanded further to be paid for doing so. He troubled his head no more about the matter but began to look out for a new steward. He could not find one to his liking in a hurry, especially as in the present state of his affairs he could not afford to pay very high wages. So, for the present, he preferred to be his own steward, and took into his employ a common Székel who could read and write, on whom he conferred the lower title of bailiff, as more suitable to his lower salary. But for all that he gave just as magnificent orders as in the most flourishing period of his husbandry. At the same time he tried to bring back everything about him to its former footing. He looked everywhere for his old cook, a son of one of his subject-peasants, whom he himself had had taught in the house of the *főispán*.\* No other person knew how to cook to his taste. This renowned cook had, however, in the course of the war attached himself to the kitchen of some general or other who came that way, and nobody knew what had become of him, so that Radnóthy was perforce obliged to engage a woman cook. A sufficiently expensive one from Kolozsvár was installed in the kitchen building as housekeeper, though there was not much for her to take charge of. The practice of ringing the bell three times a day was renewed. The buffalo herdsman was deposed from his usurped dignity of farm-servant, although the tale of the buffaloes had dwindled down to one. He began to repair the manor-house, but did not get further than making a new stone escutcheon. He wished to set up new barns and stables, although

\* The lord-lieutenant of the county, called in Latin *Supremus Comes*, in German *Obergespan*.

he had no more horses than the three which brought him home, and but very few cows and oxen. "There will soon be more," he was wont to say. He gave notice to the occupiers of the land he had let out for rent, as he was determined to cultivate it all himself. At the same time he summoned the *curialists* to give up their lands, threatening them that, in case of refusal, he would bring actions against them and have them evicted by the soldiers. The next day, however, he had forgotten all the resolves of the day before. Some new vexation had driven the old ones out of his mind. Now he involved himself in a lawsuit with the village notary about the taxes. He turned the village judge out of his room when he came to demand his co-operation in carrying out common works.\* At other times he sank into a profound melancholy, and for days together never crossed the threshold.

On such occasions he spent most of his time in reading. He got together his remaining books; once more he studied carefully Hungarian law and Hungarian history, and was absorbed in political reflections. Strictly speaking he had not belonged to either of the two great parties which had been contending in Transylvania for a quarter of a century,† both in the county meetings and in the Diet. He did not belong to the governmental party, nor did he go entirely with the opposition. He was by temperament inclined to Conservatism, but his susceptibility to new ideas, and the influence of public opinion, attached him to the cause of reform. He was, in fact, an honest squire, a worthy Hungarian gentleman, who was prouder of his ancestors than of his privileges, in whom old and new were combined in a peculiar mixture. He attached great importance to keeping up the dignity of his rank, but, at the same time, behaved with fatherly kindness to his peasants, and on questions relating to *urbairal* ‡ relations he always voted with the Liberals. His horizon was contracted; he looked at the world through the windows of the county-house, but instinctively recoiled from an aggressive, hazardous line of policy. He did not read much, he said little; but was all the more active as an official. He was a zealous patriot, ready to make sacrifices for his country, and clinging with ardent hopes to her future. But he had now become a pessimist.

Although he passed through the revolutionary period on his sick bed, and had only been a few weeks at home, his political feelings had become entirely changed. Opposition had developed itself in him into the intensest hatred against the government, while at the same time he had contracted an abhorrence of all reforms. He reproached himself for having lent his aid to overturn the foundations of the time-honoured constitution of his country. His kindly feeling towards the people disappeared. Why, was

\* In consequence of the revolution, the Hungarian nobles became legally members of the *commune*, which had previously consisted only of peasants. As was natural, some of them had a difficulty in regarding themselves as liable to contribution.

† From 1823 to 1848.

‡ The relations between the *seigneurs* and their subject peasants.

it not his own Wallachs who had ruined his manor-house, the very men to whom he had done so much good in his private capacity, whose interests he had always defended on the field of politics?

He held strong opinions upon the hasty and premature character of the late reforms in both private and political matters, and the more he studied the old Hungarian laws, the more he admired the old constitution and the wisdom of his ancestors. He could now see no fault in it anywhere. He read with favourable eyes every obsolete statute, he mourned over every institution that had been abolished, and believed that he had discovered the politician's philosopher's stone in the organization of the counties. He who had once been a man of action, who did not trouble himself about theories, became, now that he was condemned to inaction, a speculative dreamer. In imagination he lived in the past, and especially occupied himself with the question, "In what way ought the Hungarian nation to have developed itself?" His favourite hobby was the notion that democratic ideas had brought the Hungarians to ruin. He turned from the present to retrace on the page of history the eternal glory of the Hungarian nation, understanding thereby the nobility. "The nobility acquired this country," he argued to himself, "and, well or ill, knew how to keep it in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers; at last it passed into the hands of the democracy, and they lost it at once and for ever."

Amidst such dreams and speculations he forgot that he had to farm and save money, and for some days he omitted his usual round of inspection. He now went out again, accompanied by the hound, to see with his own eyes how things were going on. He looked into the stables and talked with the coachman, not, however, about the horses he had, but those which he had had. He praised their good qualities, he deplored their loss, and at last walked away without saying what in fact he had come about. In the farmyard he was always referring to the large ricks and stacks of former days, the like of which were to be seen nowhere else, and paid no attention to his bailiff, who discussed those that were to be. Instead of making the farm-servants work harder, he accustomed them to idleness, taking up their time with long conversations about the plundering of the manor-house, about the smallest details of which he inquired repeatedly. Then he was always abusing the day-labourers because they required such high wages, whereas formerly, as his subject-peasants, they had had to work for nothing. In the garden he troubled himself a great deal about the stone Neptune, which he had set up again, and when he could not get the water to flow freely through its mouth and ears, he used to threaten the gardener, who was no longer in his service, that he would teach him better behaviour. Then he went for a short walk, lost his way on the paths, which were all overgrown with weeds, and with difficulty got to the mill, one of the principal sources of his present income. There he looked at the movement of the wheels, listened to the murmur of the water, and returned home to dine, weary

and fatigued, but firmly convinced that he had at last brought something or other into somewhat better order.

During dinner-time he generally got still more dispirited, as he sat alone in the echoing dining-room, and had to wait a long time between the courses. It was very seldom that a dish was to his taste. The new housekeeper did not know how to prepare his favourite dishes, for which he scolded István, and István the housekeeper. He rarely had a real appetite for anything. Sometimes he only just tasted the dishes, eat nothing, but stared fixedly on vacancy. He thought he saw about him his family, his guests, who in old days had sat around the large round table. At the top of it sat his wife, then one of his best friends, opposite him the pastor, who was an everyday guest in the house, on his right hand his son, whom he had not seen since heaven knows when, on his left his daughter, who was now in Vienna, and so on. All these he saw as plainly as if they were actually sitting there. In imagination he heard them whispering, laughing, joking. The vision disappeared, reappeared, disappeared again, and he saw no one but his *jurátus* at the end of the table. Then again he saw him no more, but the whole room seemed to fill with company, the glasses clinked, toasts were given, music was heard, as had been so often heard when his nameday came round. In this last point he did not dream. Out on the terrace the gipsies were fiddling in honour of his nameday according to good old custom. He did not even then know that it was his nameday. With a countenance expressive of astonishment he listened to a few of the well-remembered notes, but immediately put an end to them by the hasty exclamation, "Enough, enough," and his heart filled with bitterness.

His afternoons were generally spent on the covered terrace. There he sat *ennuyé*, and regarded everything around him, the shadow of the manor-house on the surface of the river, the nests of the swallows under the eaves, now and then a hawk hovering in the air, the wandering clouds, the setting sun, and the bats flitting restlessly about in the twilight. When it grew dark and the evening bell sounded from the church tower, he felt himself more lonely than ever. With a certain feeling of hatred he looked down upon the village, whose windows began to be lighted up, in whose houses families came together, sat down cheerfully to their suppers, quickly put out their lights, and betook themselves to sweet repose. He seldom supped, but sat out on the terrace till late, for sleep avoided him. Even when he got drowsy he could not get to sleep, for visions and strange noises disturbed him.

In deserted or crumbling buildings there are always to be heard mysterious noises, which excite ominous fears in the soul, do not allow the wearied to sleep, and fill their dreams with superstitious terrors. The wind is always blowing about in them, nobody knows whence. At first a scarcely audible sob is heard; then a great sigh, as if somebody had exclaimed "*joy*." \* Then something falls down—a piece of plaster from

\* This word, written *jaj*, is the Hungarian word for "Alas!" pronounced "yoy."

the walls or a tile from the roof. Presently it begins to rumble, and opens a window or door, whose rusty hinges creak and cry "*fűj, fűj.*"\* At other times a monotonous sort of thumping is heard, now and then broken by a deep hoot, as of an owl. Then suddenly all is still, but not for long. A low, whining, uncertain noise succeeds, as of a little child crying, which gradually rises to a hoarse roar, and the whole house begins to rattle, as if about to be blown down by a storm. Radnóthy listened for hours to these sounds, either awake or but half asleep. It seemed to him that he was visited by ghosts who could not rest in their graves, but came and whispered to him of the past, tore open his wounds with malignant joy, and sought to bury him in the ruins of the house as in his coffin. As he tossed about, everything that had caused him pain recurred to him. Often he sprang out of bed, and drew aside the window-blinds; but all was quiet: the moon was just setting behind the church, the mysterious noises ceased, and he himself sank into a deep, heavy sleep, which wearied him even more than being awake.

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE EVICTION.

THE mornings which followed such nights were his saddest hours. Anticipations of death came upon him, and with them the thought that in him the old and famous family would become extinct. Since the end of the war he had not heard a word about his only son; unnumbered times he bewailed him as dead, as a prisoner, as sick. His only daughter was at Vienna, residing with his wife's sister, the widow of a pensioned colonel. When this lady had paid him a visit two years ago, she had taken his daughter away with her, in order that she might see a little of the world and practise herself in speaking German. The young girl's stay in Vienna was not intended to be more than a few months, but the breaking out of the war prevented her return, and since that time her father had heard nothing about her. He wrote hither and thither—now about his son, now about his daughter, now to Mrs. Colonel, now to his friends, and sent twice a week to the post to inquire for letters—but all in vain. István always returned with empty hands to make his master angry, and to get scolded for his pains, whereas the poor fellow would have gladly handed over his year's wages to the postmaster, if he would but have had pity on him, and toss him at least one of that pile of letters he had before him.

On such occasions the conversation ran for a whole day upon the children. They praised, they lamented the "little Géza" and the "little Érszi," as they loved best to call them, although one of them was nineteen years old and the other seventeen. The good servant was accustomed to talk of them in that way ever since he had carried them as

---

\* The Hungarian diphthong *fűj* is pronounced as we pronounce the Greek diphthong *αι* in the word *παις*. The word *fűj* means pain, sorrow.

children in his arms; their father had always called them so in his tenderer moments, and now he was always living in the memory of such moments. The little Géza might under other circumstances have easily become an *alispán* or even *főbíró*.<sup>\*</sup> István intended him to be a general, for while his Grace, the master, was ill in bed, he had seen the little lieutenant, and he rode better than any one else in the whole regiment. The little Érzsi, so the father continued, had grown up to be the prettiest girl in the valley of the Küküllő. In the good old days what an excellent match she might have made! István added that there was no such girl in all Transylvania—any count would consider it a piece of good fortune to get her for his wife; why, at the last *marchalis*,<sup>†</sup> he himself saw how the *főispán*'s son looked at her, when she was only fourteen years old, and he knew how to judge the girls—the very first “cavalier” in all Kolozsvár. Finally, they both agreed that there never were in the whole world two such excellent and sensible children. In such discourse the master forgot that his servant had brought no letters from the post, and the servant rejoiced at his master's calmness of temper, and attempted to cheer him up. Oftentimes he succeeded. In his peasant simplicity, he spoke with so much inward feeling, he went on saying with so firm a faith, that God does not desert those who put their trust in Him, that God turns men's affairs for the better when they least expect it, that Radnóthy listened to him as to a clergyman. He began to hope. He slapped his faithful servant on the shoulder, and said in a cheerful tone, “May God listen to your voice, and send us yet once more a good day!”

What promised to be such a good day did at length arrive. One morning István rushed in in great triumph, crying, “I have brought a letter—I have brought two letters.” Radnóthy hastily snatched them out of his hand, but still did not dare to open them at once. He looked at them for a long time, and, amidst the alternations of hope and anxiety, it struck him that he was not called *alispán* in the address, and his noble predicate<sup>‡</sup> was omitted. These were the first letters he had received for many months. Formerly he used to get two or three every day, and properly addressed. Then he always cut out the seal with a large pair of scissors, and wrote on it, “Received *die mensis*, such and such a date.” Now, too, he put out his hand to take up the scissors, and got into a rage because they also had been stolen, and thus relapsing into his bad humour, he broke open the letters. One of them came from Mrs. Colonel, and was written in a medley of German and Hungarian. So much, however, could be made out of it as that for a year past the post from Vienna to Transylvania either did not go at all, or went very irregularly: it was of

<sup>\*</sup> The principal magistrate of a hundred, and, consequently, subordinate to the *alispán* of the county.

<sup>†</sup> The county sessions for judicial business; the word is not used in Hungary.

<sup>‡</sup> Besides name and surname, a Hungarian gentleman had a predicate, which, in Hungarian, was put before them; in Latin, and other languages, after them; thus, Felsőbüki Nagy Pál, Paulus Nagy de Felsőbük.

no use to write ; that she had only last week received her brother-in-law's letters, ten in number, which had been wandering about in consequence of being addressed incorrectly, for they had not been living constantly at Vienna, but sometimes at Gratz, sometimes at Salzburg ; she regretted very much her poor sister's death ; no doubt they had nursed her badly, and not known how to cure her, for in all Transylvania there could hardly be one medical man worth anything ; and, finally, that she and Érzsi would pay him a visit in the summer, and stay till the end of October.

Érzsi, too, added a little note to her aunt's letter, which ran as follows :—" Dear papa, I was very sorry for poor mamma's death. We often speak of papa. Send me a little money. In the winter I had a great many ball-dresses made. Now I want some for spring and summer. Another time I will write more. Now I have no time. I am going to a *soirée dansante*. Captain Kahlenberger will be there too—a very agreeable man. Érzsi kisses you. Do not let papa forget to send the money."

The other letter was dated from Milan, and appeared to have been written by a friend of his son, who had been forced into the ranks with him.\* It told Radnóthy briefly that Géza had been a long time ill, even now was lying in the hospital, which was the reason why he could not write, but—thank God—was by this time out of danger, and that it would be in many respects as well for him to send him a little money.

Although he so far rejoiced over these letters, inasmuch as they gave him news of his children, yet, on the whole, the perusal of them had a depressing effect upon him. He had expected a little consolation, a little warmth of affection, or, at the very least, a full and detailed account of their goings on ; instead of which he got only a bare notice. He read both the letters over again several times ; he tapped them to knock off the sand, but still he read no more in them than before. It would have done him so much good for his heart to have grown sad and tender over them, instead of which he was obliged to get angry. To the letter from Milan he said, " My poor, good son, my dear little Géza, how much thou must have had to suffer." But when the turn of his sister-in-law's and daughter's letter came, his indignation broke out. " This Érzsi has become quite a different girl. She dances, and amuses herself, while her mother is dead, her brother on a sick bed, her father reduced to beggary. She has hardly time to write four lines because she has got to go to a ball, to titter and giggle with a certain Eggerberger. She does not even write, ' Your dutiful daughter kisses your hand,' but merely, ' Érzsi kisses you.' Have things, then, come to such a pitch ? Everything is turned upside down, everything has changed, even the hearts of children. Certainly my sister-in-law has corrupted the poor thing. But why did I let her take her with her ? It is no use talking. . . . I have got what I deserved. . . . I wished her to see the world, to learn German better, to become educated. It is no use talking. . . . Vienna was always a Hungarian gentleman's

\* All the soldiers of the Hungarian national army were after the capitulation of Világos pressed into the Austrian ranks.

paradise; a Hungarian lady would always know German better than Hungarian, otherwise she did not think herself properly educated. I have got what I deserved. Poor Érzsi! How she has been made a fool of by her aunt, that frivolous creature, who, even in her old age, wears great foolish curls. And what a lot of stuff and nonsense she has written! That there is not in all Transylvania a medical man good for anything! Nothing pleases her which is not Viennese, while, poor thing! nobody in Vienna likes her. She is neither pretty nor wise, and the Colonel probably married her for her money. How very different she is from my sainted wife! If she still lived,—ah! my God! if she still lived—I should not have any anxiety about that naughty girl."

For all that, however, he did all he could to raise money, not only for his sick son, but also for his ball-going daughter. But his income barely sufficed to cover his current expenses. As for replacing on his estate the needful live-stock, agricultural implements, and farm-buildings, he could only hope to do so in some indefinite future. He had no other choice but either to borrow money or else to sell something. Directly after his return home he had tried to borrow money, but could hardly raise a few hundred florins, and those only by paying a very high rate of interest for them. Transylvania, ravaged, impoverished, with both her agriculture and commerce in disorder, was, at that time, of all countries in Europe, the one in which money was scarcest. Now he again with much trouble raised a few hundred florins to send to his son and daughter. But this was not enough. The cultivation of his property and his own private expenses required money. His debtors, whose bonds had been burnt when his manor-house was plundered, had either been reduced to ruin themselves, or else denied their obligations. He ordered his lawyer to commence suits against them, but the new courts of law were only then being established, the course of litigation would be slow, the result as yet doubtful. He had, therefore, to make up his mind to sell something. The only question was what to sell. The bailiff urged upon him that he might get a good price for his three dapple grey horses, which were eating so much dear oats and hay, without doing any work, while the coach was rotting unused in the dilapidated coach-house, into which the poultry had found their way.

"And what am I to travel with, Mr. Bailiff?" broke out Radnóthy. "Do you mean me to put buffaloes to my carriage? Do the three horses eat oats and hay at Mr. Bailiff's expense, that he grudges it them so? And whose fault is it that the coach is going to pieces? Have the coach-house repaired at once, and tell the lame little Mányi to keep the poultry out of it. I knew nothing of all this. Why did you not speak about it before? I am the last person in my own household to know what is going on. This is really vexatious."

The bailiff did not dare to observe that since his return home his Grace had never once made use of the coach, that he never went anywhere, and, if he did, he might use the farm team; after all they, too, were horses, and in such a time of universal poverty nobody would think

it disgraceful to do so. Instead of saying all this he proposed the sale of a large strip of outlying ground, on which the neighbouring proprietor, so his steward said, had long set his heart, and for which he was ready to give a good price.

"What! I sell part of my ancestral property?" continued Radnóthy with still greater warmth. "That fine piece of land? Never. A nobleman's estate, Mr. Bailiff, is not like a house in a town, to be bought or sold, to be given or taken in exchange. A nobleman's estate was acquired with the sword, and is a holy thing, which belongs to the whole family, not merely to one individual. I must hand it down to my son as I received it from my father. Shall I sell it to that count, who was always my opponent and tried to prevent my being elected *alispán*? Never. I would sooner die of hunger. Of course he would like to round off his odds and ends of land with my fine fields. But he'll find himself mistaken. And, Mr. Bailiff, I must request you not to associate with my opponent's people."

The bailiff was silenced again, nor dared to remark that the fine piece of land in question remained unsown this year, because the steward who had been turned away had not been able to have it cultivated, and had even neglected to let it out to *métayers*. Instead of saying all this he made a third proposition to the effect that his master should have his distillery repaired, and should sell his own spirits in the public-house of the village, which would certainly be more profitable than selling spirits bought from somebody else.

"What! I distil spirits, and wrangle with the exciseman, and increase illegal taxes! Mr. Bailiff, don't propose such things to me. Why, I gave up smoking merely not to give an excuse to those excisemen to come smelling about me. I distil spirits! What could have put such an idea into your head? Confound you, don't propose that I should try for a *bezirker's* place, because I should increase my income by so doing."

For some time the bailiff did not dare to say anything. Meanwhile Radnóthy walked excitedly up and down, and declaimed furiously against illegal taxation. Later, when he had begun to calm down, the bailiff again took courage and proposed the sale of the timber.

"What! That fine wood!" cried out Radnóthy again. "That would be a downright waste. Don't you know, Mr. Bailiff, that a month ago we wanted to sell a lot, about fifty trees, and what a small sum the distiller at Vászrhely offered for them. Nor will he give more for them now. A good farmer ought to sell a thing at the proper time when it has its price, and not squander away his substance for the sake of a little ready money. Such has always been my maxim, and I have never had occasion to regret it."

In this point he really was quite right. He had been a good farmer, and, perhaps, would have been so still, if so many political and domestic troubles had not come upon him, and if his estate had remained in its former condition. But this continual confusion between the past and

present, partly out of pride, partly out of sorrow, partly out of rage, this continual making plans and inactive dreaming, threw all he did into disorder and caused him ceaseless vexation. Now, too, he had scarcely agreed to sell his timber, when he changed his mind, and when, after all, he had to sell it, he became inconsolable. He firmly believed that the whole county was talking about him, how he was squandering his timber, what a bad economist he was, what a beggarly "gracious sir," what a shabby *alispán*, who was bringing disgrace upon the respectability of his past life.

From this time forward he took it into his head that he must get poorer and poorer, that little by little he would have to sell a large portion of his property, and the ancestral estate would not descend in its integrity to his son. Anxiety on this account quite overpowered the pleasure he felt in hearing of his children. Up to this time he had mourned for his children, now he worried himself about the means of enabling them to live suitably to their rank. What an expense it would be. Here was his daughter marriageable; his son quite grown up; his sister-in-law about to visit him in summer, and she must be suitably entertained. For all this money was wanted, and yet he had hardly enough for his everyday expenses. With redoubled zeal he applied himself to his farming, with redoubled zeal he spoilt all that the honest bailiff had got into some sort of order. The reoccupation of his usurped fields became his favourite hobby. If these had been in his hands, if the curialists had fulfilled their obligations, perhaps he would not have been compelled to sell his timber. Such was his constant sigh, and the thought that strangers had usurped possession of the heritage of his fathers threw him into a perfect fever.

"Why should I make complaints, and bring actions against them?" said he to his bailiff; "why those *bezirkers* will think that I have not the right on my side. What is mine I will reoccupy; I will expel those vagabonds, and then they may make complaints and institute suits *extra dominium*, for they have not the right on their side. My lawyer is only protracting the business; he does not even dare to commence proceedings; he says it's better to wait till this topsy-turvy world has had time to recover itself. Why should we wait so long? By so doing we merely turn the water on their mills. We must be short in our dealings with them so that they may fear us. We must frighten them, break their horns, and maintain our authority. Mr. Bailiff does not understand the matter, and that is why they trifle with us. But I will show them that I am now what I was. Go at once and warn my curialists, in your own way, with full solemnity, to clear out of my land within three days, or else to pay up their arrears of rent due, and apply for new leases; otherwise I shall turn them out into the street, as sure as my name is Alexis Radnóthy and I am to this very day still the legal *alispán* of this county."

Those who are not acquainted with Transylvanian matters, will hardly understand Radnóthy's troubles with respect to the occupation of his land. Besides his regular subject-peasants, a Transylvanian nobleman

had a number of persons to do him service, who in some respects closely resembled the subject-peasants, but who yet in fact did not belong to that class. As the number of labourers on an estate constituted no small portion of its value, almost every richer landed proprietor let out in small allotments all that he could possibly do without of his *curial*\* land. There was a good deal of difference in different parts of the country among the occupiers of these allotments, who were called in some places *curialists*, and in others *hurubás*. They only paid the capitation tax, but not the ground tax as well, because the land they occupied was "noble." For it they sometimes worked as day-labourers for the landlord, sometimes they acted as his regular servants, in other cases they paid rent in money or in kind. When the subject-peasants were emancipated, the relations of the curialists to their landlords remained unaltered. The greater part of the curialists, however, could not be made to understand why a difference was made between themselves and the subject-peasants, when their circumstances were so similar. They therefore began to refuse their landlords their dues, and during the revolution appropriated to themselves the land in their occupation, just as if they had been subject-peasants. Not content with that, many of them proceeded to increase the size of their allotments, of course at the expense of the landlords. The curialists belonging to the Wallach nationality were especially given to such encroachments, to which they clung tenaciously, after they had been obliged to give up all other revolutionary excesses. Such a state of things was in full force in the year 1850. The government of Bach was in no hurry to set the matter at rest. The newly-appointed government officials, animated by hostile feelings against the Hungarian gentry, rather took the part of the curialists, and the landlords who required the intervention of the authorities were referred to the law-courts. At a later period the question was settled, but not without having given occasion for several lawsuits, and contributed in no small degree to keep up a feeling of bitterness between the Hungarian and Wallach elements of the population.

Radnóthy had a great many such curialists, especially among the Wallachs, who formed one half of the population of the village. One of them was his former gardener, for whom, hardly four years ago, he had built a new house and had added to his previous allotment a good piece of land for the purpose of growing maize. It was against him that Radnóthy was more especially incensed, not so much because he had appropriated the largest piece of land, as because the fellow had taken away the former housekeeper and married her. Besides Radnóthy suspected that at the time of the plundering of the manor-house the gardener acted in collusion with the rioters, and had cleared off a good many of the moveables together with the housekeeper. Radnóthy

---

\* By "*curial* land" is meant the land which belonged directly to a "noble" or freeholder, in distinction to the land held under him as peasant fiefs, and registered as such in the *urbarium* of Maria Theresa,

determined on making an example to the rest of the transgressors of the most ungrateful and most powerful of them. So when the three days were over, he first of all sent István to him to see if he had cleared out of his house.

István carried out this command with great good will. He had his own private quarrel with the gardener for having cut him out with the housekeeper, whom István, too, had ogled with the view of making her the nurse of his declining years. So, when he came back from his errand, he announced with a certain malicious joy to his master that—be it said without offence—the gardener asked him if this Mr. Alexis Radnóthy had gone crazy, that he sent him such foolish messages; and added that the house and land was his own,—he himself had paid taxes on it; that it was his “court-house;” that now he was a gentleman, as good as any one else; and if a hundred discarded *alispáns* came against him, he would drive them all out.

“We shall see,” said Radnóthy, flaring up at this answer; “to-morrow we shall make such an example of him that the whole village shall be taken aback; but mind that you do not say anything to anybody, or else the villagers will come to know of it and will whisper it to the gardener. But by to-morrow’s dawn have all the servants here on the terrace, give them plenty of brandy, and let the bailiff be here too. As for you, István, you must sleep all the afternoon, and not go to bed at all in the night, so as to awake me early enough.”

By dawn the next morning the terrace of the manor-house was converted into a camp. Radnóthy had armed his servants as he best could, in default of swords and guns. István brandished a sort of stout walking-stick with a small brazen axe-head on the top of it. The head farm-servant was terrible with a pitchfork. The buffalo herdsman raised a large stake. The coachman had sharpened a shovel, and the *darábont*\* had straightened a scythe. Radnóthy himself had girded on a sword. It was an old-fashioned one which he used to wear when he attended the county meetings. Like a good general, he encouraged his men, filled them glasses of brandy, and scolded the bailiff, who all the while attempted to dissuade him from such a violent step. But Radnóthy was quite in his element: he imagined himself the leader of the *brachium*† of the county, in which capacity—for in Transylvania it is the custom for the *alispán* to lead the *brachium*—he had so often carried the sentence of the law into effect. This pleasant excitement made him active and even jocose. In one word, this was his first cheerful day since his return home.

After long preparation and consultation, they at last set out. Foremost went the large house-dog, as advanced guard; after him, István, who led the rest as captain; in the rear shuffled the commanders, Radnóthy and

\* The Hungarian version of the German *Trabant*. He acted as a sort of manorial constable, to summon the subject peasants to their labour, to punish them for their negligence, and, meanwhile, served as a sort of porter or gatekeeper.

† Corresponds to our *posse comitatus*.

the bailiff—the latter reluctantly armed with a stout knotted cudgel. As they passed the kitchen-building, the housekeeper and little lame Mányi joined as an auxiliary force. They were, it is true, unprovided with weapons, but made all the more noise, chattering and lamenting.

The nearer, however, the troop drew to the enemy's position, the more did their thirst for blood cool down. The buffalo herdsman remembered that the gardener had a gun, the farm-servant knew something about his pistols, which greatly alarmed the *darabont*. Even István himself became thoughtful, and reflected how much better it would be if the gardener had no gun nor even a pistol. But by this time it was too late to hesitate. The house-dog had already commenced the attack, and was fighting with the dog of the gardener : so István gave the sign for the assault, earnestly impressing on the minds of his troop that there was no need to fear the gun, as it could only go off once, and if then they threw themselves on the ground, the next moment they could annihilate the enemy at one rush.

It happened exactly as had been feared. The gardener, roused from sleep, appeared on the threshold, gun in hand, with ugly threats of shooting like a dog the first that came near him, and began forthwith to take aim. Thereupon the *darabont*, in his terror, followed István's advice, and flung himself on the ground, thereby throwing both wings into confusion : for the rest, including even István himself, forgetting the stratagem he had recommended, took to flight, and all stumbled over the *darabont's* prostrate body. Only the commanders of the assailing force remained on their feet, and they were engaged in strife with one another. Radnóthy, drawing his sword, wished to rush alone as he was upon the gardener, which the bailiff thought best to prevent him doing, and struggled to hold his master back. In one word, the whole campaign would have resulted in complete discomfiture, if it were not for an unforeseen circumstance.

"For God's sake, what art thou about? Here will be murder done. Put down that gun," screamed the gardener's wife, and began to cry.

"Get away indoors! this is no business for women," said the gardener, as he tried to quiet his wife, and to push her in.

"I won't move a step—rather shoot me; give me that gun. Dost thou wish to become a murderer? . . . Murderer . . . murderer . . . murderer!" screamed the woman, as she laid hold on the gun and tried to wrench it out of her husband's hand.

"Confound it! Let go the gun. Why, it isn't loaded; it isn't even my own, but the notary's. He left it here the other day for me to take it into the town to be put right," said the good husband, calming his wife's alarm.

Upon hearing these avowals, the troop began to get together again. István first recovered his courage, terribly ashamed of his late panic. The rest followed, and at once surrounded the gardener as he was still struggling with his wife. Then the battle raged on all points. István attacked the gardener in front, while the farm-labourer assailed him in the rear. The gardener's wife, weeping, scolding, and cursing, belaboured the

coachman with a besom. The buffalo herdsman brandished his weapon in a terrific manner. Certainly he struck nobody with it, but he bellowed and made so much noise as almost to make up for the want of a cannon. The new housekeeper abused the former housekeeper, while little Mányi kept crying out, "Don't let them strike his Grace." All the dogs of the neighbourhood collected thither, and began to bark in rivalry with those of the manor-house and the gardener. The bailiff, meanwhile, remained inactive, only doing his best to defend Radnóthy, and from time to time sighing forth, "Gracious heavens! what will come of all this?"

"That will come of it, Mr. Bailiff," answered Radnóthy, making a sweep with his sword—"that we shall re-occupy our own land and give a lesson to the rest. Fling out that rascal, with his wife, children, and furniture," continued he, turning to the combatants; "fling him out into the street, to be the scorn of the world. He that first does so shall be my curialist in his place."

"Verily, your Grace will repent of this piece of work," roared the gardener, who had been bruised, battered, and flung upon the ground, but now regained his feet by a violent effort and stood before Radnóthy. "I shall bring such an action against you that you will have to pay all you have and rot in a dungeon."

"What! Dost thou dare to insult me to my very face, thou robber, thou thief?" cried Radnóthy, and struck him with his sword.

"Ah, murderer! You have drawn blood from me. You have me unhappy\* for life. Help! help!" roared the gardener at the top of his voice; and delighted at the large but not deep flesh-wound he had received on his arm, rushed out into the village street, arousing everybody by the noise he made, as he went to the notary to make his complaint. The notary at once put him into a waggon, and sent him, all bloody as he was, to the commissioner of the district, while he himself went out to calm the villagers, who had already turned out with pitchforks in their hands, the Wallachs hastening to take part with the gardener, some of the Hungarians to side with Radnóthy.

"I said it would be so," murmured the bailiff, striking the hedge with his cudgel.

"What did you say, Mr. Bailiff? You didn't say anything: you are always saying something absurd. What will come of it? Why, this will come of it: that the fields which were marked off twenty years ago, I have now reoccupied with my own vassals, and have disgracefully beaten my opponents. I know what is the law; that was why I served the county so long. A nobleman may defend his own *curia* to blood-shedding. That's why he wears a sword. He may even beat back the *brachium* of the county, if he please. May I not then drive out my servant from my own property?"

"That, your Grace, was a long time ago," observed the bailiff, timidly.

---

\* i.e. crippled.

"A long time ago, indeed! Surely you don't mean to say that the world is turned so far topsy-turvy that they will dispute away from me my own *curia*? They have taken from me my subject-peasants. So be it. I now pay taxes. Very good. But I should very much like to see the lawyer who will sue away from me my own *curia*. I will soon shew them what is right. It is not so easy to get the better of a man who knows the law."

Meanwhile the eviction of the gardener went on bravely. His wife wrung her hands, and cursed herself as the cause of the whole misfortune: for if she had allowed her husband to shoot, they would not have cut him to pieces—she would not have been made a widow nor her children orphans. In her despair she threw herself into István's arms, who, moved by the remains of former tender feelings, led her out together with her child. The rest occupied themselves with turning out his furniture into the street, from which little Mányi and the housekeeper collected what had been stolen from the manor-house. In the course of a few minutes all the gardener's property lay in the street, to the wonder of the villagers, who stood around pitchfork in hand; but, by direction of the notary, abstained from any violent interference. One of them stretched out his head and listened with open mouth, while another observed that before evening the district commissioner would put his Grace in irons. A third rejoiced that that conceited gardener had at last found his man, and a fourth affirmed with an oath that he alone could give full account of the whole party from the manor-house. The women consoled the gardener's wife, discussed over and over again the details of the bloody history, and clasped their hands together. One of them offered her her house as a place of refuge, another proposed to carry in the furniture, while a third, in a loud, shrewish tone, advised that everything be left just as it was until the district commissioner came and did justice. In one word the whole village was in commotion; behind every garden-hedge barked at least one dog, and by every house-door cried at most three children.

Radnóthy heard little of all these remarks, but was pleased to see the villagers acknowledging his superiority, and he consequently behaved himself calmly. He made them a speech to the effect that every other recusant curialist would be treated in the same manner as the gardener, solemnly installed the farm-servant in the newly-recovered allotment as curialist, and then returned in triumph to the manor-house to breakfast.

---

